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WITH SUPPLEMENT:
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE | SIXPENCE.

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Photo. Eastwood.

NEWS OF THE INTERNATIONAL ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: THE LAST VIEW OF THE "DISCOVERY" AS SHE LEFT LYTTELTON, N.Z.,
ON HER SOUTH POLAR VOYAGE, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

During the past week news has come of the "Discovery," which has been visited by the relief-ship "Morning" at her winter quarters in MacMurdo Bay, Victoria Land. Commander Scott has created a record in South Polar exploration, having penetrated as far South as Lat. 83°30.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. William Archer wants to correct the "obstinate egoisms" which write notices of plays and books without a proper regard for the feelings of authors. He proposes that we shall set up a tribunal of taste, composed of two authors, two actors, and a couple of journalists, together with a presiding officer. To this Council of Seven shall be submitted disputes arising out of allegations of personal animus in literary or dramatic criticism. If I say in print that your book or play is bad, you will have no case for the court; but if I make a continual sport of you, and pursue you with derisive epithets, you may indict me for unfairness, and the court may give you damages. Mr. Archer thinks this a more wholesome device than an action for libel which will be tried by an ignorant jury and possibly by a stupid Judge. Judgments in courts of law on questions of taste are commonly unjust and ridiculous. But I am not sanguine enough to believe with Mr. Archer that his Council would exercise much authority. Who is prepared to elect seven arbiters of taste, and give them power to fine a critic for his epithets? Mr. Archer knows that the arbiters would constantly disagree, so he provides for a judgment by the president's casting vote. The ethical quality of irony in criticism to be settled by a majority of one! This is more absurd than the plan of the Old Bailey, for a jury must be unanimous, or there is no verdict.

Mr. Archer imagines that the question of fair play could be kept separate by such a tribunal from questions of critical opinion. You have a right to condemn a book; but you must be careful how you poke fun at the author. Yes, but if the author, in your eyes, is a pretentious impostor, are you to be debarred from ridicule? He will think this weapon grossly unfair; but how are the arbiters of taste to decide between you and him unless they consider whether the quality of his performance does not justify your method of attack? They may not take your view at all; and, in that case, why should you recognise their jurisdiction? Or they may agree with you, and provoke the exasperated author to try his luck with a common jury. But of one thing Mr. Archer may be assured: his Board of Arbitrators would not live long. The first casting vote of the presiding genius would throw it into fatal convulsions. This calamity might be followed by a period of truculent license in criticism; or a humanitarian movement, headed by Mr. W. L. Courtney, might put an end to critics altogether. "Who am I," Mr. Courtney is reported to have said, "that I should judge a work which took the author so long to write, and takes me a few hours to read?" So when we write of books and plays, we must humbly interpret them, tell the public what they are about, and abstain from ironical epithets as from the deadliest sin.

A popular novelist, now dead, was entirely of Mr. Courtney's opinion. "Critics are no use to me," he would say. "They don't teach me anything in the art of writing novels. Their judgment takes no account of the artistic process of my mind. They do not see me when I have the first idea of a book, when the necessary material is gathering round it, when I am absorbed in the task of giving it shape. They take the book when it is published, read it in an hour or two, and pass an opinion in pure ignorance." This excellent man really believed that a work of art could be truly estimated only by the author, who knew the toil and trouble it had cost him. With equal reason an actor might argue that you cannot understand his acting unless you have seen him meditating on his part, conceiving the character, learning the words, and going through rehearsal. The supreme grievance is that the critic who merely reads, or the critic who sits at the theatre and merely listens, takes so much less time to form an opinion than the writer or actor takes to furnish the matter for it. It is indeed lamentable that novels should be read so quickly. Perhaps Mr. Courtney reads no more than three or four pages a day, so as to keep reverently in touch with the novelist's mind.

In the April number of the *Fortnightly Review* Professor Turner controverts Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's argument that man occupies the centre of the visible universe, and that there is no organic life save upon our small but impressive planet. Professor Turner says that, as our solar system is in constant movement, we cannot be at the centre of the universe for more than a few hours; that, in the course of ages, the earth may have traversed the universe, not as the chief ornament of a royal progress, but as a respectably insignificant unit in a vast procession; and that there is no reason to discredit the existence of intelligent consciousness even in the remotest spheres. Yes, it is conceivable that in Mars people have organised the canons of taste beyond dispute, and suppressed that personal assertion in criticism which disturbs Mr. Courtney. On the other hand, it is not gratifying to reflect that another planet may be ahead of ours in the liberal sciences; and therefore there is

a strong temptation (if you are not an astronomer) to agree with Dr. Wallace that we alone are wrestling with problems of the mind. Of course, the Martians, if any exist, may be very backward. It may be their custom, when a young author challenges notice with a play or a volume, for a bench of critics to decide whether he shall be encouraged or put to death. Perhaps it is the Martian belief that this system alone ensures the survival of the fittest. If we could be sure of that, the barbarism of Mars would be obvious. But it is more comfortable to assume that there is nobody there.

Astronomy does not make your flesh creep, but it takes your breath away. Here is Professor Turner hinting that there are masses of dark nebulae in the heavens which serve as screens for gigantic globes flashing in space beyond anything save conjecture. This speculation makes the visible universe rather a small affair, and leaves one gasping at the thought that behind those screens there may flourish astronomers who do not know our earth even by hearsay! It is lucky for Professor Turner that he did not live in the age when theologians believed the sky to be a solid ceiling, through which our sun was let down every morning like a chandelier. As it is, I doubt whether his theory will be universally popular unless Sir William Crookes can assure us that the wonderful new mineral called "radium," which emits heat and light with such astonishing energy, will some day pierce those nebulous screens with the rays of our importance for the edification of scientific gentlemen on the other side.

Trivial speck as our planet may be, we are not going to depreciate its marvels. Sceptics who doubted the wireless telegraphy between America and Cornwall are put to shame by the Marconigrams which the *Times* has received from its New York correspondent. The motor-car, which, according to Mr. Henry Norman, you can keep for a pound a week, is about to make a tour of our tight little island—a brief and breathless excursion. Mr. Henley sings the speed of it in the *World's Work*. M. Maeterlinck tried this in prose; but that lacked the magic of Mr. Henley's verses, which should be chanted by every motor-car driver as he whirls through the land, defiant of constables—

Speed, and the range of God's skies,
Distances, changes, surprises;
Speed, and the hug of God's winds,
And the play of God's airs,
Beautiful, whimsical, wonderful;
Clear, fierce, and clean,
With a thrust in the throat,
And a rush at the nostrils . . .
And the heart in your breast
Sings, as the World
Slips past like a dream
Of Speed—
Speed on the Knees of the Lord.

If you are summoned before rural magistrates for exceeding the petty pace prescribed by law, do not haggle with the witnesses. You will have the poem by heart—there are eight pages, all as stirring as the lines I have quoted—and you will recite it to the Bench. They will acquit you with enthusiasm, and beg you to declaim Mr. Henley's musical splendours in the Town Hall. After that, the very babes will clamour for motor-perambulators, and lisp excitedly, "Thpeed, thpeed!"

All this points to a brisk circulation of the blood; but I am not sure that Mr. Henley's "Angel of Speed" is wholly beneficent. The love of swift motion for its own sake may become a nervous disorder. I see a grave omen in the freak of a Chicago millionaire, who gave a dinner-party at half a score of restaurants by having the soup served in one, the fish in another, and so on. The guests, no doubt, were whisked from restaurant to restaurant in motor-cars; and the courses must have been carefully timed, so that the party should not arrive for the appointed dish too soon or too late. Here is a new anxiety to be added to the multifarious occupations of the American millionaire's active brain! His guests, starting up from table as soon as they have finished the terrapin, must not be taken ill, for that will derange the whole entertainment. None must be too animated, for that may prolong conversation beyond the time allotted to the canvas-back duck. The host must break in with a snatch of Mr. Henley—

And all, all that tends
To his hard-to-come, swift-to-go
Glory are tested,
Gutted, exhausted,
Chucked down the draught;
And the quest, the pursuit,
The attack, and the conquest
Of the Unknown goes on.

To this the frivolous may respond, "Chuck it down the draught now, old man! This liquor's good enough for me. Let us finish the dinner right here!" But the millionaire, dreading the condition of the savoury if his calculations should be upset by controversy, must browbeat the malcontents into silence and fly once more through the night—speed, speed! Now you understand the real horror of riches.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA.

With the fall of Sokoto disappears the last anti-British centre in Northern Nigeria. Of this region one hears a great deal at present, but the number of white people who have been there, except in an official capacity as Government servants, soldiers, or employés of one of the trading companies, is very limited. To those who know only the southern part of Africa, this country comes as a pleasant surprise; it is almost like getting on to another continent. Although there are multitudes of peoples and tribes on the Niger and its great tributary, the Benue, with widely divergent languages and customs, the chief race and the ruling caste are Haussas.

From a utilitarian point of view, one cannot say too much for these natives: they constitute the greater part of our forces there; they are excellent mechanics; they will work for sixpence a day and feed themselves, and seem to enjoy it; they are untiring agriculturists, and the traders of the whole of North Africa. Be the town ever so small or distant, one will find there the Hausa trader and the Hausa artisan—he does the cotton-spinning, weaving, and dyeing, and, with the assistance of a few Arabs, principally Fulanis, supplies all the priests and schoolmasters.

Civilisation has here crept down from the interior, and to get into the best part of the country one has to pass through the malaria-saturated delta of the Niger. A great deal of mining has been done by the natives in this country, though it is at present hardly touched by Europeans. The Haussas have mined salt, tin, iron, silver, and lead for what appears to be a very long time, but for want of machinery and skilled advice this has been principally confined to the surface. Mr. G. Macdonald, whose name is so well known on the Gold Coast, has in conjunction with John Taylor and Sons sent several expeditions into the country, one of which has just returned. Little must be said at present as to the future of profitable mining in this part of the world; but there is every facility one could wish—two mighty main roads on the rivers, abundance of good cheap labour, and plenty of food. Salt has been worked for a long time by the natives, and while the process of manufacture is tedious and complicated, they succeed in turning out an article that commands about six times the price of our imported salt. Awe is the principal place where this is worked, and brine-springs round the town have saturated the surrounding earth with salt. This soil has been stripped off and only the denuded strata left. At present the natives gather soil from a distance and strew it round where the exuding moisture will reach it till it is rich in salt. It is then taken into the town and plastered round the huts and sprinkled with brine. In the cool of the morning, an efflorescence of salt shows; this is scraped off and placed in large earthen pots with perforated bottoms. Brine is now allowed to percolate through this, and comes out saturated with salt. The moisture is then evaporated, and the salt is ready for market. There are several large areas where tin is found; this metal is smelted and run into moulds made from straw, and is sent all over Northern Africa. The natives, if near any European camp, collect old paraffin and biscuit tins, and, after having worked repoussé patterns on to the pieces, fashion them into very tasteful vessels and coat them heavily with native tin. Lead they mine principally as a cosmetic, which the women use for darkening the under-lids of their eyes; some of the ore is smelted for the metal. A great quantity of silver has been taken out from this same mine. Iron is mined in several places; and while imported iron bars are used largely, the natives work up their own iron, by the cementation process, into a very fair steel, from which they make razors, knives, and swords. They pick up agates and other quartz pebbles in the river-beds, and, with slow, painstaking work, cut, polish, and drill them into beads. Though they do not seem to know how to make glass, they will get "empties" and smelt them into bracelets and beads of many quaint and curious shapes. Leather they tan and dye beautifully, and one can buy a perfectly cured goatskin for ninepence. They prepare many vegetable dyes, including indigo and turmeric.

Many parts of the country teem with game of every description. Elephants are plentiful in places, and as a protective measure our Government has now prohibited anyone owning a tusk of less than ten pounds' weight. The Haussas are not keen sportsmen and all-round hunters like the Zulus and Matabele, but they number among them many good and bold hunters, who are held in great esteem. Rifles are few, and most of their hunting is done with the bow and poisoned arrow. For elephant and big game they generally fire the arrow from a long smooth-bore with a small charge of powder. Their chief poison is derived from the strophanthus seed, but there are others.

The rivers teem with delicious fish of endless variety, and every man, woman, and child on the banks of the streams spends part of the day fishing. As the waters begin to fall, and expose the sand-banks, the Hausa and Arab traders come down in canoes and make their camps near the main riverside towns, and barter salt, dyes, cloths, skins, goats, horses, and condiments. Most of these canoes carry a flag bearing Arabic characters and the crescent, and a traders' camp near a large town is a picturesque sight—the traders in their "taubs," and cloth veiling their mouth, the heavy turban surmounted by the leather-spangled hat; the horses with the heavily embroidered Arab saddle and caparisons; the women in their simple country cloth, and the children in their birthday suits. Though the main rivers are in places, perhaps, very unhealthy, there are some lovely districts inland where Europeans should thrive. The agricultural possibilities of the country are unlimited: tobacco, rice, guinea-corn, palm-oil, and various oil-seeds grow to perfection, and as we develop and discover its uses, this will not prove one of the worst parts of our Empire.

PARLIAMENT.

The Irish Land Bill, introduced by Mr. Wyndham, proved to be a measure entailing large responsibilities on the British taxpayer, so adjusted as apparently not to impose any burden demanding fresh taxation. There will be a grant to Ireland of twelve millions, and our credit will be liable for many more millions in the future, but the annual outlay is to be £390,000. Mr. Wyndham expects to save £250,000 by economies in the Irish Civil Service, notably in the Constabulary; so that it is the comparatively small sum of £140,000 per annum we are called upon to pay, provided that the purchasing tenants observe the obligation of repayment. Estates are to be bought by the tenants at twenty-five years' purchase, and sold by the landlords at twenty-eight years' purchase, the difference being made good by the Exchequer. One important provision is that to a certain extent the Exchequer will remain the sole Irish landlord for an indefinite period, in order to prevent sub-division of holdings and other abuses which are likely to impoverish a reckless peasant. Three Estate Commissioners will superintend sales, though Mr. Wyndham alluded cautiously to some representative authority which might control these transactions under different conditions. The Bill was read a first time after a very sympathetic discussion. Mr. Redmond was vague but friendly; Mr. Healy more friendly; Mr. T. W. Russell and Colonel Saunderson still more friendly, though Mr. Russell hinted that the landlords might not be disposed to sell.

Debate on the Army Estimates showed that the feud between Mr. Brodrick and the Unionist "Cave" grows in bitterness. Mr. Brodrick complained that he did not get "intelligent criticism," and Lord Hugh Cecil retorted that the War Secretary did not give "intelligent answers." In these amenities the Opposition leaders take no hand, leaving the Radical criticism entirely to Sir Charles Dilke.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS.

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TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND THURSDAY, April 7, 8, and 9, to various parts of IRELAND (limit 16 days, as announced in Special Bills).

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THURSDAY, APRIL 9, to PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND HOLIDAY RESORTS in the MIDLAND COUNTIES, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, and the NORTH-EAST COAST (for 5, 6, or 9 days), also to ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND for 5, 9, or 16 days. (For times, fares, &c., see handbills.)

THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 9, to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, WARRINGTON, STOCKPORT, LIVERPOOL, and MANCHESTER, for 4, 5, or 8 days. (For times, fares, &c., see handbills.)

SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 11, to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, STOCKPORT, MANCHESTER, WARRINGTON, and LIVERPOOL, for 2, 3, 4, or 7 days, and on Monday, April 13, to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, and Birmingham, for 1, 2, or 5 days. (For times, fares, &c., see handbills.)

* TO ST. ALBANS, LUTON, &c.

EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 13, to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON, leaving ST. PANCRAS at 10.25 a.m. and 1.15 p.m., and to BEDFORD at 10.25 a.m. (For fares, &c., see handbills.)

* TO SOUTHBEND-ON-SEA.

Cheap Day and Week-End Tickets will be issued to SOUTHBEND-ON-SEA as per bill.

* No bookings from Woolwich and Greenwich by these excursions.

EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.

Week-End Tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 9, 10, and 11, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) to the PRINCIPAL SEASIDE and INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including the PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE, MORECAMBE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, YORKSHIRE, the NORTH-EAST COAST, and SCOTLAND, available for return any day up to and including Tuesday, April 14, except day of issue.

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The Cheap Week-End Tickets, usually issued each Friday and Saturday, will be issued on Thursday, Good Friday (if train service admits), and Saturday, April 9, 10, and 11, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 14 (except day of issue), but tickets to Calverton-on-Sea, Cromer, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, West Runton, Woodhall Spa, and Yarmouth, are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Tuesday, April 14, inclusive (if train service admits).

For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at the Company's stations and town offices.

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Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

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CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), BROAD STREET, WOOLWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and other London Stations, as follows—

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to DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Ardara, Armagh, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Killybegs, Killybegs, Larne, Limerick, Londonderry, Newcastle (Co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY MIDNIGHT, APRIL 8,

to Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carlisle, Carnforth, Chorley, English Lake District, Fleetwood, Furness Line Stations, Lancaster, Lytham, Maryport, Morecambe, Penrith, Preston, St. Helen's, Southport, Whitehaven, Workington, Wigan, &c., returning April 13, 14, or 16.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 9,

to Aberdovey, Aberystwyth, Abergelle, Aberystwyth, Bangor, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, Baenau Festiniog, Brynmawr, Bulth Wells, Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Colwyn Bay, Conway, Criccieth, Dolgelly, Dowlais, Ebbw Vale, Harlech, Hereford, Holyhead, Llanberis, Llandilo, Llandrindod, Llandudno, Llangamarch, Llanwrtyd, Merthyr, Oswestry, Pwllheli, Rhyl, Shrewsbury, Swansea, Tredegar, Wellingdon, Wexham, &c., returning April 13, 14, or 18.

To Ashbourne, Birkenhead, Birmingham, Burton, Buxton, Chester, Coventry, Derby, Dudley, Leamington, Leicester, Macclesfield, Northampton, North Staffordshire Company's Stations, Nuneaton, Rugby, Tamworth, Thorpe Clough (for Doverdale), Walsall, Warwick, Wolverhampton, &c., returning April 13, 14, or 17.

To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Callander, Castle Douglas, Crief, Cruden Bay, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Dundee, Dunkeld, Elgin, Forfar, Fort William, Gourock, Greenock, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Moffat, Montrose, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Perth, Stirling, Stranraer, Strathpeffer, Whitehorn, Wigtown, and other places in Scotland, returning April 13 or 17; or within 16 days.

ON THURSDAY MIDNIGHT, APRIL 9,

to Accrington, Ashton, Bacup, Burnley, Bury, Colne, Crewe, Darwen, Liverpool, Manchester, Nelson, Oldham, Rochdale, Stafford, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington, Widnes, &c., returning April 13, 14, or 17.

ON SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, APRIL 11,

to Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Stockport, Warrington, &c., returning April 13, 14, 15, or 18.

ON MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 13,

to Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley, Kenilworth, Leamington, Northampton, Rugby, Warwick, Walsall, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, &c., returning same day, or on April 14 or 17. (No bookings from Kensington or Woolwich by this train.)

ON EVERY SATURDAY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

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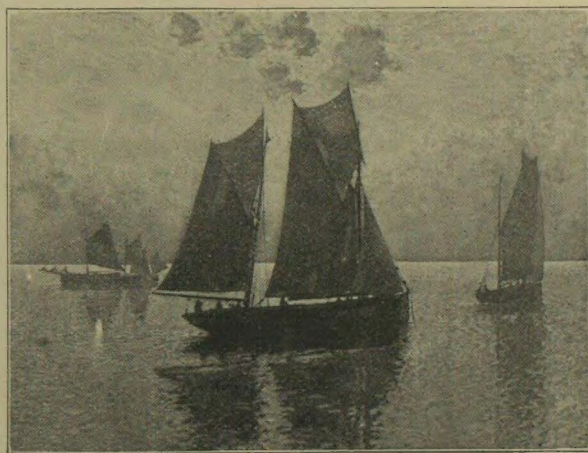
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HARWICH - ANTWERP ROUTE Every Week-day

From London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m., for the Hook of Holland, and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Direct Service to Harwich, from Scotland, the North and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel twin-screw vessels, lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British flag.

HAMBURG, by G. S. N. Co.'s Steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

DENMARK and SCANDINAVIA, via Harwich-Esbjerg, by the U.S.S. Co. of Copenhagen Steamers Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SOUTH COAST, WEST OF ENGLAND, AND FRENCH COAST.

EXCURSION TICKETS to PARIS via Southampton and Havre, available for 14 days or less, will be issued from LONDON (WATERLOO), &c., on April 8, 9, 10, and 11. RETURN FARES, First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

CHEAP TICKETS will be issued by any Ordinary Train to HAVRE on April 9, 10, and 11; CHERBOURG on April 9 and 11; and to ST. MALO on April 10. RETURN FARE, Third Class by Rail and Second Class by Steamer, LONDON to ST. MALO and HAVRE, 24s. 6d.; CHERBOURG, 22s.

SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS at ORDINARY FARES will leave WATERLOO as follows—

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8.

At 12.20, 1.50, and 4.5 p.m. to BOURNEMOUTH.

At 3.25 p.m. to Guildford, Havant, and PORTSMOUTH.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 9.

At 12 Noon and 3.25 p.m. to GUILDFORD, Havant, and PORTSMOUTH.

At 12.20, 1.40, 1.50, 3.55, 4.40, and 6.50 p.m. to BOURNEMOUTH.

At 5.40 p.m. to SALISBURY, YEovil, EXETER, and PLYMOUTH LINES.

At 9.50 p.m. to WEYMOUTH.

At 10.25 p.m. to SALISBURY, EXETER, EXMOUTH, CREDITON, BARN-STAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, TORRINGTON, BIDEFORD, LYNTON, &c.

At 10.30 p.m. to EXETER, OKEHAMPTON, HOLSWORTHY, TAVISTOCK, DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, BUDE, LAUNCESTON, DELABOLE, WADEBRIDGE, PADSTOW, BODMIN, &c.

* Convey Third Class passengers only.

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

At 5.50 a.m. to WINCHESTER, EASTLEIGH, SOUTHAMPTON WEST, BROCKENHURST, CHRISTCHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, ANDOVER, SALISBURY, TEMPLECOMBE, SHERBORNE, YEovil, EXETER, &c.

At 8.30 p.m. to WEYMOUTH.

On EASTER SUNDAY, at 8.30 p.m., and on SATURDAY, April 11, and EASTER MONDAY, April 13, at 9.50 p.m., to WEYMOUTH.

For full particulars of above EXCURSIONS and other arrangements for the Easter Holidays see bills and programmes, to be obtained at any of the Company's London Stations and Offices, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS to PARIS, via FOLKESTONE-BOULOGNE or DOVER-CALAIS, First Class, 58s. 4d.; Second Class, 37s. 6d.; Third Class, 30s., available by 2.20 p.m. and 9 p.m. Services from CHARING CROSS on April 8, 9, 10, and 11; also by 10 a.m. Service on April 9. Returning from PARIS any day within 14 days. For Return Times, see Handbills.

CHEAP TICKETS to BRUSSELS and Back, via CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 22s. 2d., via OSTEND, 19s. 11d., will be issued, available for 8 days.

CHEAP SATURDAY to MONDAY TICKETS, also Special 8 Day Tickets, will be issued to BOULOGNE and CALAIS; and 8 Day Excursions will be run to OSTEND, AMSTERDAM, THE HAGUE, &c. Continental Services will run as usual during the Holidays. A Special Boat Express will leave Victoria (S.E. & C.I.) at 8.50 p.m. and Herne Hill at 8.55 p.m. on April 9, in connection with the Calais and Ostend Boats from Dover.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, BEXHILL, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCIFFE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), will be issued from LONDON by certain Trains on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 9, 10, and 11, available to return on Tuesday, April 14.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY from the principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND, HASTINGS, BEXHILL, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSION to ALDERSHOT on BANK HOLIDAY, leaving CHARING CROSS at 9.24 a.m. Return Fare 3s., Third Class.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Return Fare from London, including admission, 1s. 9d., Third Class.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

INTENDING TOURISTS TO GREATER

CORK

INTERNATIONAL

EXHIBITION

Are advised to send Twelve Penny Stamps to the Superintendent of Line, Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin, and they will receive by return the Company's Revised Official Illustrated Guide and Tourist Programme, giving all information as to Hotels and Travel by Rail, Coach, Lake and River Steamers in the South and West, including

QUEENSTOWN, CORK, GLENGARIFF,

KILLARNEY, PARKNASILLA,

WATERVILLE, CARAGH LAKE, LAHINCH, KILKEE,

CONNEMARA, UPPER AND LOWER SHANNON, &c.

Through Bookings via Dublin, Waterford, and Cork.

EXCURSION TICKETS TO CORK will be issued from principal Stations on English and Scotch Railways.

VISITORS TO KILLARNEY are recommended to obtain their Tickets via the GRAND ATLANTIC COAST ROUTE, which embraces PARKNASILLA. Company's Hotels at KILLARNEY, KENMARE, PARKNASILLA, CARAGH LAKE, and WATERVILLE. Hotel Coupons issued at (Dublin) Kingsbridge, Waterford, and Cork Stations.

For full particulars as to Fares, &c., apply to: SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LINE, Kingsbridge Station (Dublin), or to Irish Railways London Office, 2, Charing Cross, London; Messrs. C. W. BULLOCK & CO., 22, Lime Street, Liverpool; Messrs. J. WALLIS & SONS, 33, Bachelors Walk, Dublin; or any of Messrs. COOK or GAZE'S Tourist Offices.

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

COMPLETE A.B.C. PROGRAMME OF CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (MARYLEBONE WEST-END TERMINUS), WOOLWICH, GREENWICH, AND METROPOLITAN STATIONS, TO THE MIDLANDS, NORTH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND,

CAN BE OBTAINED FREE ON APPLICATION AT MARYLEBONE STATION, OR AT ANY OF THE COMPANY'S TOWN OFFICES OR AGENCIES.

SAMI FAY, General Manager.

PERSONAL.

The King and Queen are expected to make a trip to Ireland in the summer. It would be very well advised, for never have the political conditions been so favourable. The country is at peace, and party spirit, for the time, is in abeyance. If the Irish Land Bill does not satisfy all parties, it is denounced by none. No such calm has been known in living memory.

In Paris it is believed that the King will visit France when he leaves Portugal, and will have an interview with President Loubet. M. Delcassé is said to attach great importance to this. It is certain that the relations between England and France are more cordial now than they have been for many years.

Admiral Dewey has given offence to Germany by some blunt criticism on the German Navy. This was duly reported in the newspapers, with embellishments. The Admiral said the German discipline was injurious to initiative, and was no match for American intelligence. A German naval officer has retorted that the American Navy is infantile.

The Kaiser's blandishments still find the Americans unresponsive. He invited a United States squadron to visit Kiel, but the invitation was declined. President Roosevelt has not actually refused the statue of Frederick the Great, but he has postponed its delivery as long as possible. A more embarrassing effigy does not exist, and the Kaiser must wish he had never mentioned it.

General Botha is settling down to peaceful pursuits. He is said to have instituted inquiries about pedigree bulls in Herefordshire. Some of his colleagues seem to be more interested in buying newspapers.

Mr. John Arthur Fyler, who has been successful in retaining the seat for the Chertsey Division of Surrey for the Government,

has been well-known in his constituency since 1897, when, on succeeding to the Woodlands estate, he took up his abode there, and acted as chief secretary of the Chertsey Division Conservative Association and Parliamentary registration agent for the Division. Mr. Fyler, who was born in December 1855, is the second and only surviving son of the late Rev. Frederick Fyler. Educated at

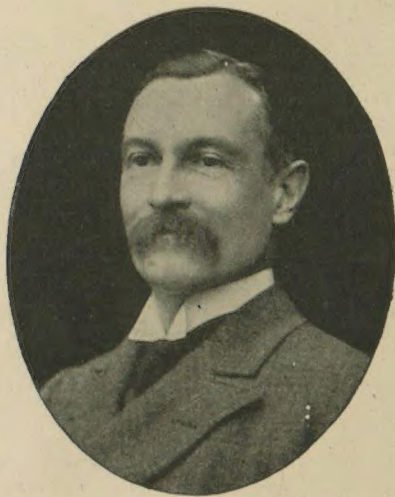


Photo. Bates.

MR. J. A. FYLER,

New M.P. for the Chertsey Division of Surrey.

Marlborough and at Exeter College, Oxford, he was called to the Bar in 1879, but has never practised. While living at Bournemouth, he was honorary secretary to the Christchurch Conservative Association, and on his removal to Chertsey his interest in local affairs led to his election as member of the Union Board of Guardians and of the Rural District Council. He also acted as political agent for the late Mr. Leigh-Bennett, his predecessor. Mr. Fyler married Caroline, daughter of the late Mr. Albert J. Hambrough, J.P. and D.L., of the Isle of Wight.

The tragic death of Sir Hector Macdonald has excited deep sympathy among the French. Paris journalists have vied with one another in extolling the dead soldier. His career appeals strongly to the French mind because he had sprung from the people, and was the ideal private soldier who carried a Marshal's bâton in his knapsack.

Mr. Birrell, President of the National Liberal Federation, thinks that a policy of "partial disarmament" would be welcomed with enthusiasm by all Europe. How this policy is to be adopted, and by whom, is a detail that has escaped Mr. Birrell's notice.

The Austro-Hungarian War Minister has forbidden officers to join the Anti-Duelling League, which is making great headway in Austria. This official action is warmly challenged by the League on the ground that duelling is already illegal, and the War Minister is over-riding the law.

"General" Booth is said to contemplate a Salvation Army campaign in the West End for the benefit of dwellers in "palaces." It is thought that for this purpose there may be some slight modification of his familiar methods. But a morning paper which warmly



THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO MR. GLADSTONE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The national statue of Mr. Gladstone, voted by Parliament at the time of his death, and executed by Mr. Brock, R.A., was erected in Westminster Abbey on March 27 on the site in the northern transept chosen years ago by Dean Stanley. Mr. Gladstone is represented wearing the robes of a D.C.L. of Oxford University.

approves the scheme does not "think that the Salvation Army minstrelsy can be rejected in Grosvenor Square on the ground of vulgarity."

Captain R. F. Scott, the leader of the British expedition to the South Pole, joined the Royal Navy in 1881, and before taking over the command of the



Photo. Watt and Son, Dundee.

CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT, R.N.,

COMMANDER OF THE ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION-SHIP "DISCOVERY."

Discovery, served on the *Majestic*. His work in the Antarctic regions has so far, to use Sir Clements Markham's expression, delighted the Royal Geographical Society. Not only has he penetrated a hundred miles farther South than any previous explorer, but he

has discovered "an extensive glaciated land with lofty peaks extending as far as long. 152 deg. 30 min. west," and "a large mountainous region, hitherto absolutely unknown, extending to 83 deg. 30 min. south . . . the most important geographical result so far achieved in the Antarctic." His sledge-journey to ascertain the extension of Victoria Land, and to solve, if possible, the question of the ice barrier, is described as remarkable. Captain Scott was decorated with the Royal Victorian Order by the King on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to the vessel.

A lively commotion has been excited by the assertion of a member of the Unionist Party that one of the young Conservative malcontents who have formed a "cave" against Mr. Brodrick's Army scheme started a cabal for making Lord Rosebery the head of a reconstructed Ministry. The singular charge is denied with indignation.

The first hour of April 1 saw the birth of a new comic paper, *John Bull*, edited by Mr. Arthur W. Beckett. The first persons privileged to receive the number were the guests of Mr. John Bull at a disguise party held at the gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists. The new venture, to which many distinguished writers and artists contribute, has our best wishes.

An educational reform in Berlin is worthy of notice. The Corporation of the city has appointed medical officers to supervise the health of all the children in the elementary schools, so as to prevent sickly children from suffering injurious strain. This plan for securing physical efficiency in the very young might be adopted with advantage elsewhere.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone has contradicted the statement that the Liberal Whips are responsible for the choice of unsuitable candidates at bye-elections.

Brigadier-General George Vere Kemball, who occupied Sokoto on March 15, took command of the Kano Expedition at the end of January last.

Born in October 1859, the son of Major-General J. S. Kemball, and educated at Harrow, General Kemball was gazetted to the Royal Artillery in 1878, was promoted Captain in 1886, Major in 1896, and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1901. He is now Brigadier-General of the West African Frontier Force. He was for some years on the Headquarters Staff in India, and has seen considerable service. In 1879 and 1880 he took part in the fighting in Afghanistan, and was awarded the medal; in 1895 he was with the Chitral Relief Force, and earned the medal with clasp and a mention in dispatches; in 1897 and 1898 he was again mentioned, and received the clasp for the operations on the North-West Frontier of India; and in 1901, as commander of the expedition against Kontagora and Bida, he was mentioned, and given the medal and clasp and the D.S.O. He married Hattie, daughter of Mr. Gilbert Elliot, I.C.S., in 1889.



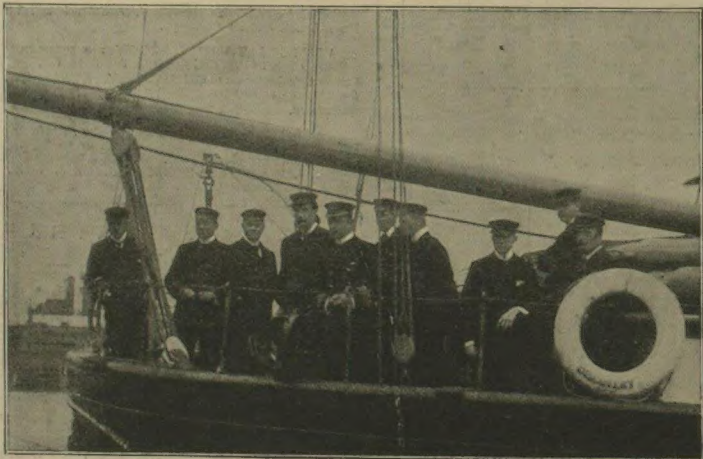
Photo. Cowell.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. V. KEMBALL, D.S.O.,
In Command of the Kano Expedition.

The stir caused in Paris by the exposure of masterpieces of art alleged to be frauds has spread to London. So much skill is employed in the reproduction of "old masters" and antique furniture that even the most discerning eye can scarcely detect the imposture. It remains to be seen whether the buyers of curios will refuse to complete the bargain without consultation with experts.

An exhibition of fancy skating was given at Prince's Skating Club on the evening of March 31, on behalf of Messrs. Page and Nightingale and the skating instructors. The function proved most entertaining, and was largely attended. The skating was, of course, of a very high order throughout, notably in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Syers and Herr Grenander. Among those present were Lady Helen Vincent, Lord and Lady Wenlock, and the Duchess of Bedford.

A Mask and Domino Ball in aid of the St. Matthew's Boys' Club, Westminster, is to take place at the Empress Rooms on the 29th of this month. Among the patronesses are the Marchioness of Dufferin, the Marchioness of Granby, the Countess of Pembroke, and the Countess Cadogan.



THE OFFICERS OF THE "DISCOVERY."

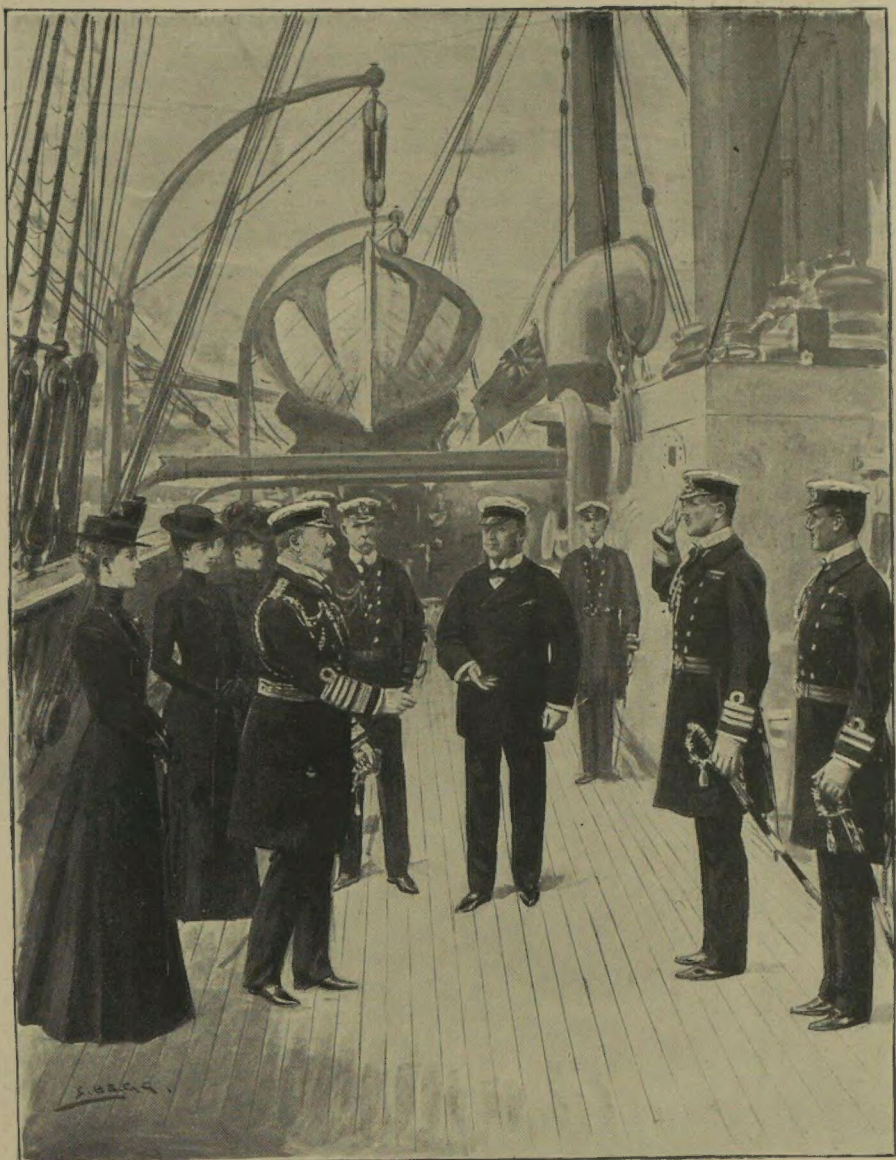


Photos. Eastwood.

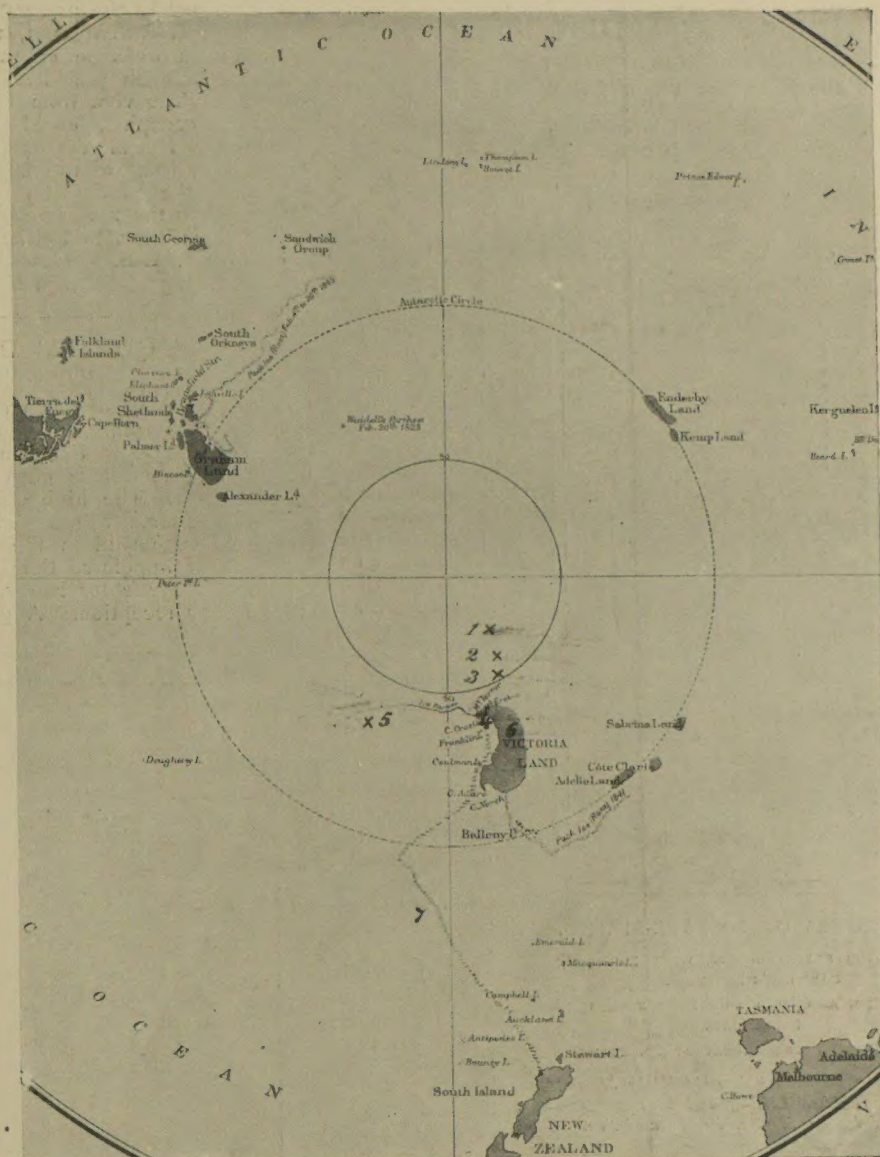
THE CREW OF THE "DISCOVERY."

THE INTERNATIONAL ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: NEWS OF THE "DISCOVERY."

In addition to Captain Scott, R.N., the commander of the Expedition, the officers of the "Discovery" include Lieutenant A. R. Armitage, who was with the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition, and Lieutenant Shackleton, who has been compelled to return on board the relief-ship "Morning." The crew of the "Discovery" is composed almost entirely of men from the Royal Navy, all specially selected for their physique. It is noteworthy that a very large number of men volunteered for the arduous service.



THE KING'S VISIT TO THE "DISCOVERY" BEFORE SHE SAILED: SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM PRESENTING CAPTAIN SCOTT, AUGUST 5, 1901.



CAPTAIN SCOTT'S SOUTHERN RECORD: APPROXIMATE MAP OF THE EXPEDITION'S WORK, FILLED IN BY SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

THE INTERNATIONAL ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: NEWS OF THE "DISCOVERY."

REFERENCES TO MAP.—1. Newly Discovered Mountains, 83°30' S., seen by Scott from 82°17' S.; 2. Scott's Farthest Point, 82°17' S.; 3. Scott Reached Land, 80°30' S.; 4. Winter Quarters of the Expedition in MacMurdo Bay; 5. Newly Discovered Land, 152°30' W., 76° S.; 6. Point of Lieutenant Armitage's 9000 feet Ascent; 7. Course of the "Discovery."

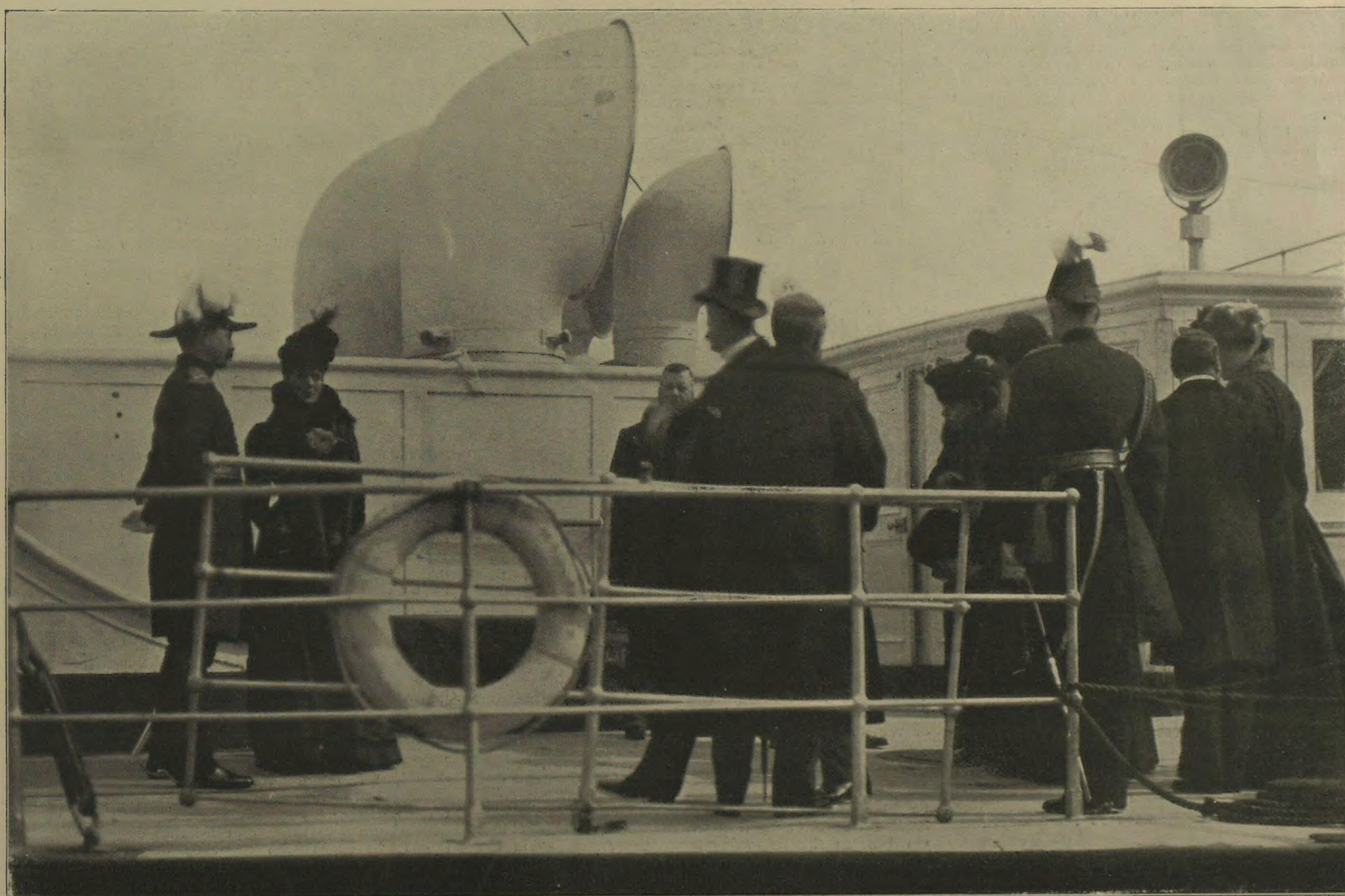


Photo. Spicer's News Agency.

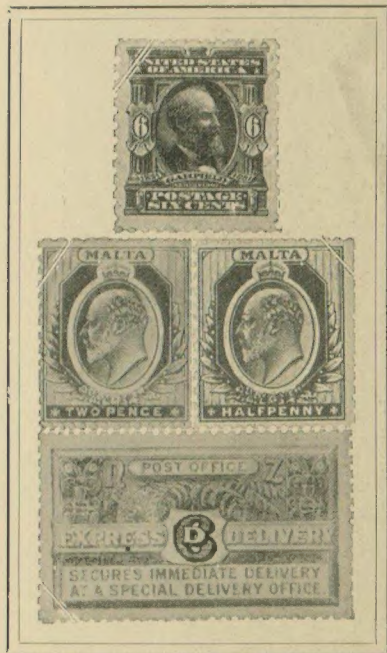
THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY TO COPENHAGEN: HER MAJESTY ON BOARD THE CALAIS MAIL-PACKET "EMPRESS" AT DOVER, MARCH 30.

Our Illustration shows her Majesty talking to General Sir Leslie Rundle just before the vessel sailed.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING'S DEPARTURE FOR LISBON.

On the afternoon of March 30, at a quarter-past three o'clock, the King left Victoria Station for Portsmouth. The train, which was made up of two saloons and three brake vans, was drawn by the engine "Duchess of Fife," which had been elaborately decorated for the occasion.



NEW ISSUES OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.

THE UNITED STATES 6-CENT, WITH PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S PORTRAIT.

THE 2D. AND 3D. KING'S HEAD STAMPS FOR MALTA.

THE BRITISH EXPRESS DELIVERY 6D. STAMP.

The American Stamp is supplied by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co.; the Malta by Messrs. Bright and Son.

salutes were fired. The King was received by Admiral Hotham, and having inspected the guard-of-honour, he at once went on board the yacht, where he was welcomed by Rear-Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton and the other officers.

Shortly before nine o'clock on the morning of the 31st, the gale having moderated, the *Victoria and Albert* left her moorings at the railway jetty and proceeded down the harbour. The escort, the cruisers *Minerva* and *Venus*, were lying off Spithead, and the yacht picked them up after she had passed through the lines of the Channel Fleet. Thursday, April 2, was fixed for the King's arrival in the Tagus and formal welcome on board the yacht by King Carlos. After a reception with full naval and military honours, accorded by a squadron in the harbour and seven thousand troops ashore, it was arranged that his Majesty should drive in state through the city to the Palace. The programme for Friday included a visit to Cintra, and the illumination of the city. The chief of Saturday's visits will be one to the Royal Pigeon-Shooting Club, of which King Edward has been a member for over thirty years. The same evening a State performance is announced for the San Carlos Theatre; and on Sunday his Majesty will drive to Cascaes. A state banquet at the Palace

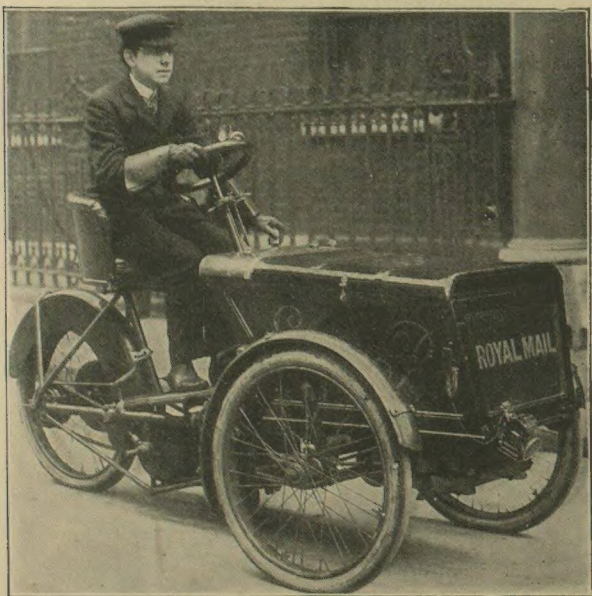


Photo. Bassano

THE MOTOR IN MAIL SERVICE:

THE NEW DELIVERY-CAR FOR THE POST OFFICE.

concludes the evening. Monday's state concert at the Queen-Dowager's Palace terminates the festivities, and on Tuesday King Edward sails for Gibraltar. Next week we hope to publish the first of our illustrations of the King's tour. These will be executed by our Special Artist, Mr. Allan Stewart, who by the King's gracious permission has been accommodated on board the escorting cruiser *Venus*.

THE KING AT THE GRAND NATIONAL.

The Grand National Steeplechase was run on March 27 at Liverpool in the presence of his Majesty the King. Although somewhat cold, the weather was clear and pleasant, a welcome contrast to the snow and sleet which has often prevailed during the great Northern meeting. The view from Lord Derby's box, which his Majesty occupied, could not have been finer. A temporary loggia decorated with flowers had been erected in front of the box, and from this the King watched the preliminary jump. His Majesty then ascended to the roof, whence he witnessed the steeplechase from start to finish. The Grand National was won by Mr. J. S. Morrison's *Drumcree*; his Majesty's *Ambush II.* just escaped being placed.

THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE FOR COPENHAGEN.

On the morning of March 30 the Queen began her journey to Copenhagen. Her Majesty, who left Victoria Station at 9.15, was accompanied to the platform by the King, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Charles of Denmark. The high officials of the South-Eastern Railway Company were also in attendance. The farewells were said in the royal saloon, and punctually at the appointed time the train drew out of the station, en route for Dover, where the Queen had a very hearty reception. A guard-of-honour was drawn

coastline was followed as far as latitude 76, longitude 152 deg. 30 min. The coast of Victoria Land was next observed, and winter quarters were sought, huts being erected for living and for making magnetic observations. The party passed a comfortable winter, and sledging parties went out in all directions. Captain Scott's farthest South record is chronicled in more detail on another page. Among the achievements was that of Lieutenant Armitage, who ascended to a height of 9000 ft. on the mainland of Victoria Land. A rich collection of marine fauna, including many new species, has been made. Sea and magnetic observations have been taken, also seismographic records. Before the arrival of the *Morning*, the *Discovery's* crew had suffered privation, as some of the stores had become unfit for food.

THE FALL OF SOKOTO.

On March 15, the present operations in Northern Nigeria were brought to a successful conclusion by the occupation of Sokoto. This achievement, following upon the fall of Kano and Katsena, disposes of the last hostile centre in Northern Nigeria and leaves the way clear for the work of the Anglo-French Boundary Commission. The town was occupied after a slight struggle, and four days later Sir Frederick Lugard arrived. The column of occupation was commanded by General Kemball and Colonel Morland. During the last year, an area with a



AN ARTISTIC PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE: THE IRON CURTAIN AT THE NEW COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

The elaborate decoration of the French iron curtain is in sharp contrast to the barren ugliness in which these contrivances are left in our country.

up on the pier, where her Majesty embarked on board the special steamer *Empress*. The passage to Calais was made in one hour and ten minutes, despite the very rough sea. The Queen, travelling by way of Cologne and Hamburg, reached Copenhagen on Tuesday evening.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S RETURN.

H.M.S. *Renown*, bearing the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who were returning from the Delhi Durbar, arrived at Portsmouth on March 27. The South Railway Jetty was gaily decorated in honour of their Royal Highnesses' home-coming, and as the war-ship entered the harbour the vessels of the fleet were dressed and manned. On the jetty, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Admiral Fisher, Admiral Hotham, and the Mayor of Portsmouth were assembled to welcome the returning travellers. Before leaving the vessel the Duke and Duchess took leave of all the officers, who were mustered on the quarter-deck, and Captain Farquhar issued a memorandum to the crew expressing the Duke's satisfaction with his voyage. Their Royal Highnesses left by special train for Victoria, where they were received by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

NEWS OF THE "DISCOVERY."

On March 25 the arrival of the *Morning*, the relief vessel of the British Antarctic Exploration-ship *Discovery*, was announced from Lyttelton, New Zealand. On Jan. 23 the *Morning* found the *Discovery* in her winter quarters in MacMurdo Bay. The ship's company were well, and had to report the loss of only one man, a seaman named Vince, who, while serving on a sledge expedition, fell down an ice slope into the sea and was drowned. On Jan. 23, 1902, the *Discovery* entered the ice pack in latitude 67 deg. south. The vessel explored the ice barrier, which at longitude 165 altered its character, and high snow slopes with glaciers appeared. The

frontier nearly a thousand miles long has been the scene of British military operations and has been brought under effective control.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

(See Supplement.)

When the morning of April 1 dawned there was still some doubt as to the precise hour at which the boat-race would start. Three o'clock had been mentioned, and this again was changed to half-past three, with the proviso that, should the weather prove boisterous, the race would be postponed till six o'clock and rowed on the ebb over the unusual course of Mortlake to Putney. The morning broke brightly enough, but by eleven o'clock it had become very rainy and unpleasant, and a correspondent telegraphing from Mortlake at 2.30 made the somewhat remarkable announcement that no sightseers were about. As the hour drew near, however, the towpath presented very much of its normal appearance. The crowd of weather-beaten spectators did their best to make the time pass merrily until the crews should appear. At 3.29 the rival oarsmen embarked, and at 3.34 they got away to a good start. Cambridge were leading at Craven Steps, and at Walden's had a clear length to the good. At Hammersmith Bridge they had two lengths to the good, at Thorneycroft's four, at Devonshire Meadows three, but from this point Oxford had no further gain. Barnes Bridge was passed with Cambridge three and a-half lengths ahead, and the Light Blues won the race of 1903 by a clear six lengths. Oxford rowed steadily and well to the end, and, to quote Mr. Dudley Ward: "The Light Blues had the race in their hands, rowing with immense power and with that astonishing leg-drive that has been so conspicuous a feature in the rowing of the Cantab crews of latter years." The portraits on our Supplement are by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Oxford, and Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

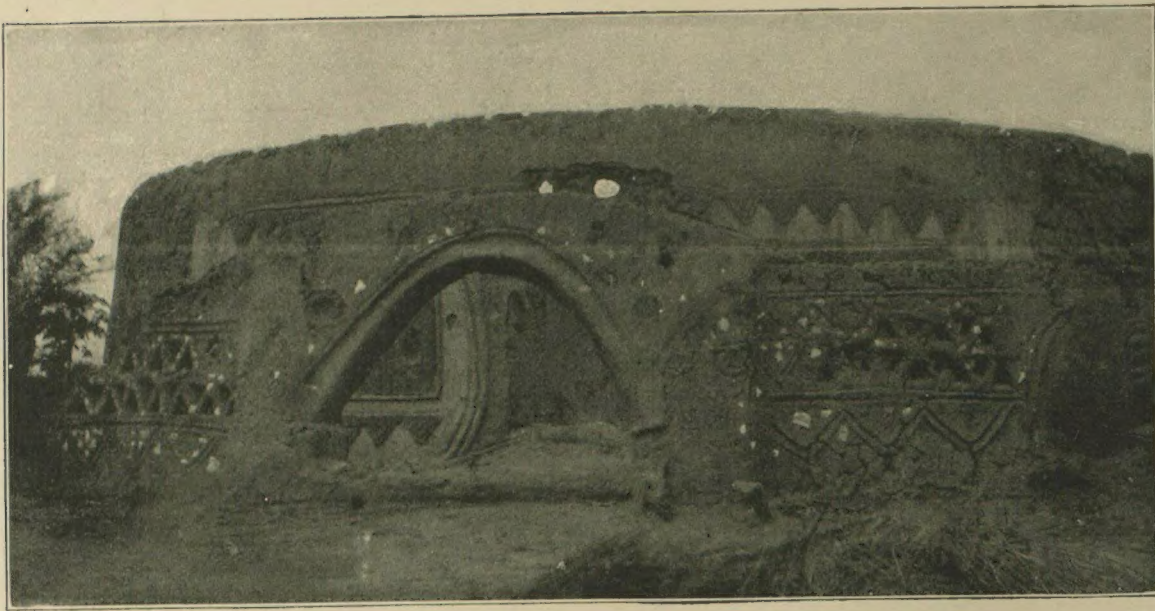
THE KING'S DEPARTURE FOR LISBON, MARCH 31.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SPITHEAD.



HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT PICKING UP HER ESCORT AT SPITHEAD.

The King reached Portsmouth on the afternoon of March 30, and intended to sail the same evening. He was, however, delayed by stormy weather until nine o'clock on the following day. At that hour the "Victoria and Albert" passed through the Channel Fleet, and picked up her escort, the "Venus" and "Minerva," at Spithead.



THE MOST SACRED SPOT IN SOKOTO: THE TOMB OF THE FOUNDER OF THE EMPIRE.

THE SULTAN OF SOKOTO, RELIGIOUS HEAD OF HAUSSALAND.

THE FALL OF SOKOTO, THE SACRED FORBIDDEN CAPITAL OF HAUSSALAND, NORTHERN NIGERIA.



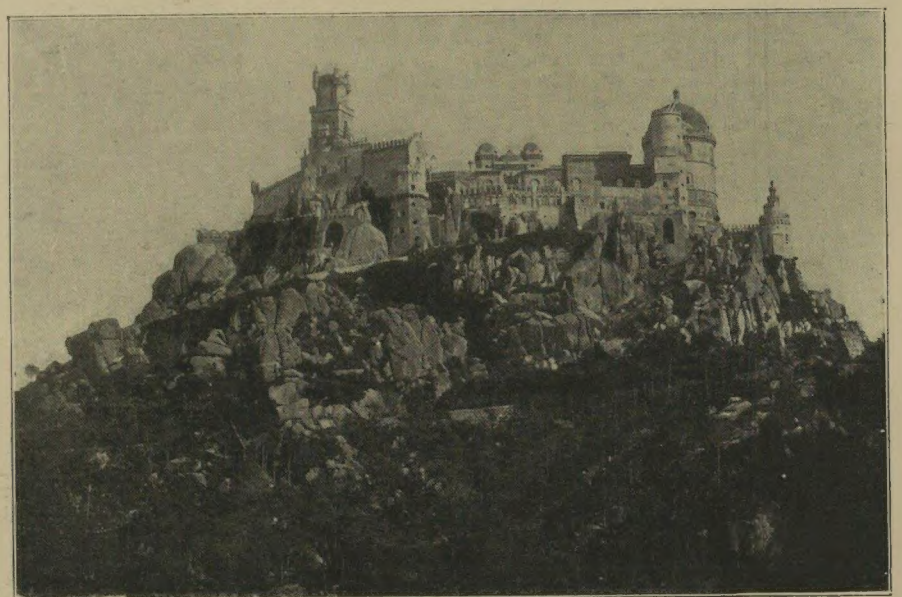
KING EDWARD'S RESIDENCE AT LISBON: THE NECESSIDADES PALACE.



THE SCENE OF THE STATE CONCERT ON APRIL 6: THE QUEEN-DOWAGER'S PALACE.



THE SCENE OF KING EDWARD'S ENTRY INTO LISBON: BLACK HORSE SQUARE.



THE PLACE OF THE KING'S SOJOURN AT CINTRA: THE ANCIENT ROYAL CASTLE.

THE KING'S VISIT TO PORTUGAL: SCENES AT LISBON AND CINTRA.

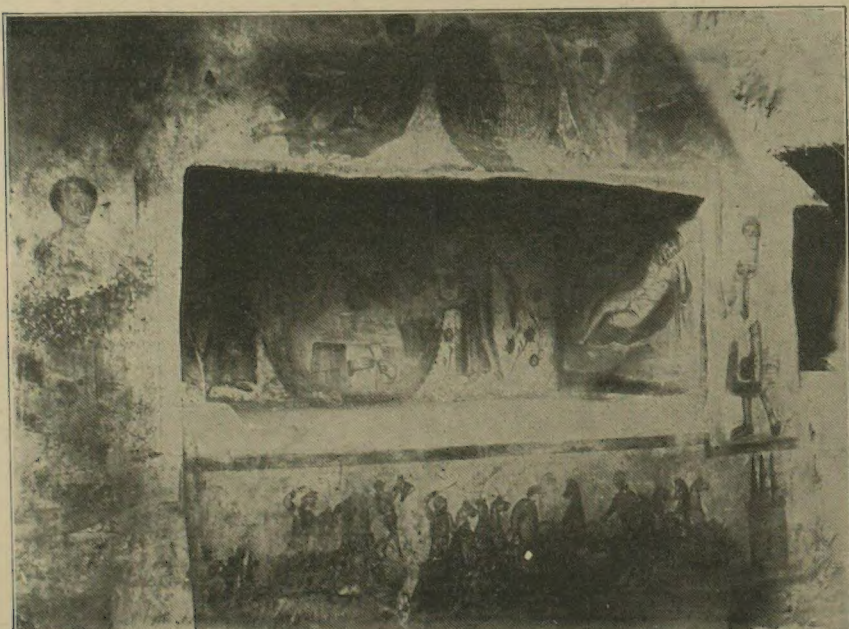


Photo. Abentacar.

AN ANCIENT NECROPOLIS DISCOVERED NEAR TRIPOLI.

An Arab, in cutting the rock, discovered a small chamber of about twelve feet square. In it were two tombs, decorated with curious paintings. We illustrate the best-preserved of these.

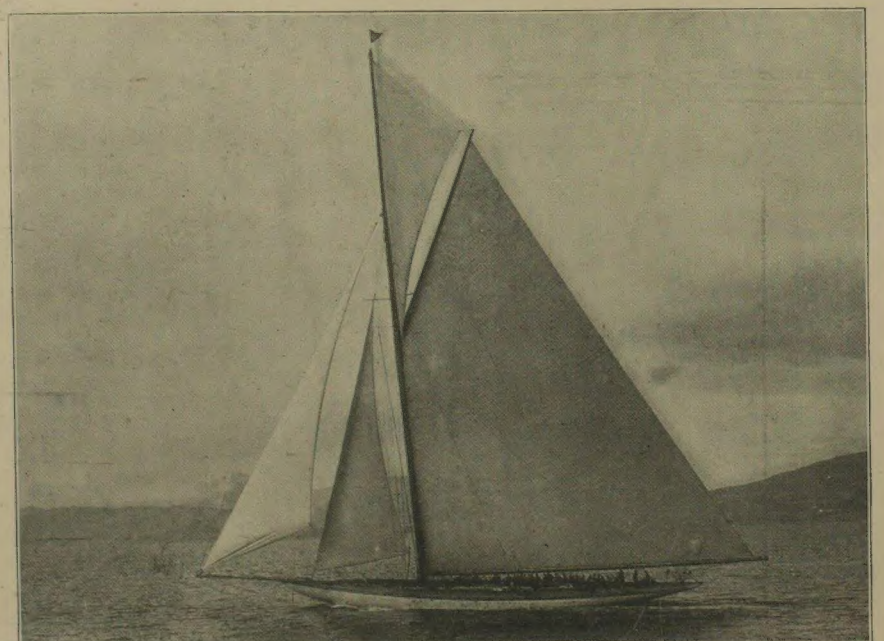


Photo. Agnew.

THE AMERICA CUP: "SHAMROCK III." STRETCHING HER CANVAS.

The preliminary trial took place on March 31 in the Firth of Clyde. The new challenger sailed against "Shamrock I." and showed an easy superiority in all points.

STEPHEN OF STEENS.

A TALE OF WILD JUSTICE.

ILLUSTRATED BY]

By "Q."

[R. CATON WOODVILLE.]

VIII.

Within a few hours the whole of West Cornwall knew how Roger Stephen had defied the Under-Sheriff and fired upon him. Indeed, ever since his father's death that desolate county had been humming with his fame: his wrongs had been discussed at every hearthside, and his probable action. There were cottages so far away as St. Ives where the dispute over Steens had been followed intently through each step in the legal proceedings, and the issue of each step speculated on; while in Steens itself the master sat inert and blind to all but the righteousness of his cause—thanks in part to Malachi, but in part also to his own taciturn habit. Men did not gossip with him: they watched him. He was even ignorant that Mrs. Stephen had been pelted with mud in the streets of Penzance, and forced to pack and take refuge in Plymouth.

Next morning Malachi brought word of another small body of men on the road, advancing this time from the direction of Helston. Three of them, he added, carried guns.

Roger made his dispositions precisely as before, save that he now loaded each of his guns with ball, and again met his visitors at the gate.

"Don't fire, that's a dear man!" cried a voice through the bars, and Roger wondered, for it belonged to a young yeoman from St. Keverne, and its tone was friendly.

"Hey, Trevarthen! What brings you here?" he demanded.

"Goodwill to help ye, if you're not above taking it. You've been served like a dog, Stephen, but we'll stand by you though we go to Launceston Jail for it. Open the gate, like a good man."

"You'll swear 'tis no trick you're playing?"

"If we mean aught but neighbourliness, may our bones rot inside of us!" Trevarthen took oath.

Roger opened the padlock and loosened the chain. "I take this very kind of you, friends," he said slowly.

"Why, man, 'tis but the beginning!" the cheerful Trevarthen assured him. "Lift your hand, and by nightfall you can have five score men at your back: ay, and I'm thinking you'll need 'em, for Sandercock went back no farther than Nansclowan, and there he is getting the ear of Sir John, that arrived down from London but yesterday."

"Right's right," growled Roger, "and not even Sir John can alter it."

"Ay, but in dealing with Sandercock he deals with the law, and must point to something stronger



Blow after blow rained on the stout timbers. At length they fell crashing.

than you can be, standing here alone. Trust Sir John: he's your friend, and the stouter show we make the more we help him to prove it."

"There's something in what you say," agreed Roger.

"Why, 'tis plain commonsense. A fool like Sandercock wants a lesson he can understand: and he'll understand but what stares him in his ugly face."

All that day dribbles of volunteers arrived at Steens gate, and at nightfall a party of two score from Porthleven, the widow's native village, where it seemed that her conduct was peculiarly detested. Most of the men carried guns, and some had even loaded themselves with provisions—a fitch of bacon or a bag of potatoes—against a possible siege. They chose their billets in the barns, hay-lofts, granaries, the cider-house, even the empty cattle-sheds: and under the brisk captaincy of Trevarthen fell to work stockading the weak spots in the defence and piercing loop-holes in the outer walls. Finding that the slope behind the house commanded an open space in the south-west corner of the yard, they even began to erect a breastwork here, behind which they might defy musketry.

That night fifty-six men supped in Steens' kitchen, drank Roger's health, and laughed over their labours. But in the midst of their mirth Roger, on his way to the cellar, with a cider-key under each arm, was intercepted by Malachi, who should have been standing sentry by the yard-gate.

"Go back to your post, you careless fool!" commanded Roger; but the old man, beckoning mysteriously, led him out and across the dark yard to a pent beside the gate; and there, in the deep shadow, he could just discern the figure of a man—a very short man, but erect, and somehow formidable even before he spoke.

"Good evening, Stephen!" said the stranger, in a low, easy voice.

"Sir John!"—Roger drew back a pace.

"Ay, and very much at your service. I'm your friend, if you'll believe me, and I don't doubt you've been hardly used: but there's one thing to be done, and you must do it at once. To be short, stop this foolery—and quit."

"Quit?" echoed Roger.

"This very night. You're in the ditch, my friend, on the wrong side of the law."

"Quit Steens?" Roger echoed again, with his hand to his forehead. "But, Sir John—you are fresh home from London, and you don't know the rights o' this. 'Tis just to bide in Steens and be left quiet that I'm fighting. And here's the whole country to back me, Sir John: over fifty men in my kitchen at this moment, and all ready to burn powder rather than see this wrong committed on me!"

"Yes, yes, so I've just discovered," answered Sir John impatiently; "and there's your worst peril, Stephen. Man, I tell you this makes matters worse, and to-morrow may turn them from worse to incurable. Now, don't argue: I'm your friend, and am risking something at this moment to prove it. At the top of the lane here you'll find a horse: mount him and ride to Helford Ferry. Two hundred yards up the shore, towards Frenchman's Creek, there's a boat made fast, and down off Durgan a ketch anchored. She's bound for Havre, and the skipper will weigh as soon as you're aboard. Mount and ride, like a sensible fellow: and I'll walk into your kitchen and convince every man Jack that you have done well and wisely. Reach France and lie quiet for a time, till this storm blows over: the skipper will find lodgings for you and supply you with money, and I shall know your address. Come, what say you?"

"Sir John," Roger stammered hoarsely, after a pause, "I—I say it humbly: your house and mine have known one another for long, and my fathers have stood beside yours afore now—and—and I didn't expect this from you, Sir John!"

"Why, what ails ye, man?"

"What ails me?" His voice was bitter. "I reckon 'tis an honest man's right that ails me, and ails me cruel. But let God be my witness"—and Roger lifted his fist to the dark night—"they shall take my life from me when I quit Steens, and kill the man in me before I renounce it. Amen!"

"Is that your last word, Stephen?"

"It is, Sir."

Sir John stepped out into the yard and stood while Roger unbarred the folding gates. "I think, if mischief comes, you had better not let them take you alive," said he quietly.

"Thank you, Sir John: I won't," was Roger's reply, and so he dismissed another good friend.

IX.

Sir James Tillie, Knight, of Pentillie Castle, by Tamar, and High Sheriff of Cornwall, was an amiable gentleman of indolent habits and no great stock of brains. On receiving Sandercock's message and instant appeal for help, he cursed his Under-Sheriff for a drunken bungler and reluctantly prepared to ride west and restore order.

He took an affectionate leave of his wife, and travelling by easy stages, with a single groom for escort, on the third day reached Nansclowan, where Sir John and his lady made him welcome.

"You have ridden ahead of your force," said Sir John pleasantly.

"My force?"

"How many are you bringing?"

"I don't quite take you. Eh? Soldiers? My dear fellow—an affair of this kind—you surely didn't expect me to make myself ridiculous by marching through Cornwall with a regiment!"

"You mean to say that you've brought none?"

"Oh—to serve a writ on a yeoman!" And Sir James laughed heartily.

"Look here, Tillie, you shall ride over with me to-morrow at daybreak, and look at the place. The

man has sixty stout ruffians at his back. The front of the house is loopholed, and along the rear, which was their weak point, they've opened a trench six feet wide by six deep. By to-night's report they have even begun as outworks two barricades across the high-road, and no traffic may pass without permission."

"It seems to me your part of the world needs looking after," Sir James exclaimed testily.

Sir John ignored this shaft. "You'd better ride over to Pendennis Castle to-morrow, and borrow as many men as the garrison can spare you."

"A score should be plenty," said Sir James. "It's astonishing—or so I've always heard—what a few trained men will do against irregulars."

"Double the number and you may save bloodshed," was Sir John's advice.

Early next morning, after a cursory inspection of the defences, the Sheriff rode over to Pendennis and held consultation with the Governor. The Governor, who had fifty men in garrison, agreed that twenty would suffice for the job; so twenty were told off under command of a sergeant, and that same afternoon marched with Sir James to Nansclowan. On their way through Wendron churchtown they were hissed and pelted with lumps of turf: but this hint of popular feeling made slight impression on the sanguine gentleman who had convinced himself that the resistance of Steens would collapse at the sight of his redcoats.

Having rested them at Nansclowan for the night, he led them forth at dawn and along the high-road to within fifty yards of the barricade which the defenders had drawn across it. There was no thought of tactics. He consulted for a minute with the sergeant, who knew nothing of the strength of the defence except from gossip (which he disbelieved), and the soldiers were ordered to charge.

The soldiers charged well, holding their fire. Not a single shot opposed them. They reached the foot of the barricade, and began demolishing it, dragging out the furze-faggots, tearing a passage through.

In less than a minute they had laid open a gap, and, with that, the mystery was clear. Leaping through, they found themselves in the midst of a cheerful and entirely passive crowd, lining the road in front of Steens' wall, the gate of which had been closed with large baulks of timber from the mines. The crowd numbered perhaps three hundred, and included men, women, and children. Groups of them squatted by the roadside or sat in the hedges quietly sharing out their breakfasts: and one and all, as the Sheriff rode through the gap on his grey horse, greeted him with laughter, as a set of children might laugh over an innocent practical joke.

Sir James lost his temper, and roughly ordered his soldiers to clear the road. There was no difficulty about this. The men withdrew most obligingly, collecting their breakfast-cans, helping their wives and children over the hedge, laughing all the while. They scattered over the fields in front of Steens, and sat down again in groups to watch. To disperse them further with his handful of soldiers would be waste of time, and the Sheriff turned his attention to the house.

He rode up to the gate and rattled upon it with his riding-whip. There was no answer. He looked along the road to right and left, and for the first time began to understand that the place was strong and his force perhaps inadequate. He could not retreat in the face of ridicule, and so—to give time—ordered the barricades to be burnt.

The soldiers set to work, and soon had two fine bonfires blazing: and the Sheriff withdrew with his sergeant to ride around the house and examine its defences.

Within twenty minutes, as if the bonfires had given a signal to half the population of West Cornwall, the roads began to swarm with people. They poured down from the north and up from the south; they spread over the fields and lined the hedges. They carried no weapons: they made no demonstration of anger. There was no attempt to hustle or even to jeer at the redcoats, who stood with grounded arms in a clear space of the roadway, and fretted under the slow, curious scrutiny of thousands of eyes. Neighbours nodded and passed the time of day: acquaintances from the two coasts of the Duchy met, exchanged greetings and inquiries, lit their pipes, and strolled about together. It might have been a gathering for a horse-race or a game of hurling but for the extreme orderliness of the throng and a note of strained expectancy in its buzz of talk. Towards nine o'clock, in the broad field to the south-west, half-a-dozen merchants began to erect their sweet-meat booths or "standings"—always an accompaniment of Cornish merry-making.

It was just then that Sir James rode back from his reconnaissance. He had fetched a circuit of Steens without discovering a weak spot, and his temper had steadily risen with the increase of the crowd. His dignity now stood fairly at stake. He moved his soldiers up the road, and gave orders to attack the gate.

As they fell into rank an old man, perched on the hedge hard by, rose lazily and turned to the crowd on the far side. "Here, help me down, some of ye!" said he. "I knawed that there Sheriff was a fool the moment I set eyes on 'en."

Sir James heard and rode straight on. If a fool, he was no coward. The soldiers carried axes at their belts, and, dismounting, he led them up to the gate and showed them where to attack. Blow after blow rained on the stout timbers. At length they fell crashing.

And then from a breastwork within, drawn across the flagged pathway of the courtlege, a ragged volley rang out, and a dozen bullets swept the opening.

In the crowd across the road many women screamed. Two redcoats dropped, one of them striking the iron-work of the gate with his forehead. A third ran back into the road, stared about him, flung up his arms, and tumbled dead. The man who had fallen against the gate lifted himself by its bars, sank again, and was dragged aside by his comrades. The third soldier lay curled in a heap and did not stir.

Across the smoke floating through the entrance Sir James looked at the sergeant. His own coat-cuff had been shorn through by a bullet. The sergeant shook his head. With a motion of the hand he gave the order to desist. In silence the soldiers picked up their dead and wounded and began their retreat, the crowd pressing forward to watch them—a line of faces peering through the hazel-boughs. It neither cheered nor hissed.

As the enemy drew off, hundreds climbed down into the road and crowded around the pools of blood, gazing, but saying little.

X.

The assailants returned to Nansclowan, where the Sheriff opened his mind to Sir John in a bitter harangue and rode homeward in dudgeon. The soldiers were marched back to Pendennis. And so, to the scandal of the law, for four months the quarrel rested.

Sir James reached his home and spent a week in drawing up a report, alleging that he and his twenty soldiers had been met by a crowd of over a thousand people, partisans of Stephen; and that on attempting a forcible entry of Steens he had been murderously fired upon, with the loss of two killed and one wounded. There was not an incorrect statement in the report: and no one could read it without gathering that the whole of West Cornwall was up in arms in open rebellion against the Crown.

Walpole read it in due course and sent for Sir John Piers, who had returned to London for a short visit on Parliamentary business. The two men (you will remember) were deadly political foes.

"Cast your eye over this paper," said the Minister, "and tell me, for the love of Heaven, what it means."

Sir John read it through and burst out laughing.

"You want my advice?" he said. "Well, my advice is—wait: and prick a strong Sheriff for next year. There's a neighbour of Tillie's—William Symons of Hatt: you had best choose someone who doesn't belong to our neighbourhood, for many reasons."

The Minister nodded.

"Symons won't drop the business until he has pushed it through."

"I will make a note of his name."

So for four months Roger Stephen remained unmolested, Sir James Tillie having received an answer from London requesting him to hold his hand.

And Sir John's counsel to the Minister began to bear fruit even before the new Sheriff took up the case. Until the day of the attack Roger's forces had obeyed him cheerfully. They had volunteered to serve him and put themselves in jeopardy for his sake. His sense of gratitude had kept him unusually amiable, and when a sullen fit took him his lieutenant, Trevarthen, had served for an admirable buffer. Trevarthen was always cheerful. But since Roger had tasted blood, Trevarthen and Malachi agreed that his temper had entirely changed. He was, in fact, mad: and daily growing madder with confinement and brooding. What they saw was that his temper could no longer be trusted. And while he grew daily more morose, his supporters—left in idleness with the thought of what had been done—began to wish themselves out of the mess. Without excitement to keep their blood warm, they had leisure to note Roger's ill-humours and discuss them, and to tell each other what they had told themselves already—that he showed very little of the gratitude he certainly owed them. Also, since it was certain that no further attack would be delivered at less than a few hours' warning, and since their own affairs called them, the garrison divided itself into "shifts," one mounting guard while the rest visited their homes. And when the men were at home their wives talked to them.

Roger himself never put his nose beyond the defences. In all the years at Helleston a sedentary life had not told on him: but it told on him now, and rapidly. The man grew gaunt and livid in colour, and his flesh began to sag inwards at the back of the neck. By the middle of December he was far gone in what is now called Bright's disease, and with this disease the madness in his brain kept pace.

The crisis came with the New Year. Rumours had already reached Steens that the new Sheriff meant business and was collecting a regiment at Plymouth to march westward as soon as he took up office: also that Mrs. Stephen had travelled down ahead of him and taken lodgings at a farmhouse on the near side of Truro, in readiness to witness her triumph. Confident now that no danger threatened before the New Year, all but ten of the garrison—but these ten included the faithful (and unmarried) Trevarthen—had dispersed to their homes, to keep Christmas.

Early in the morning of New Year's Day Trevarthen suggested riding into Helleston to purchase fresh meat, their stock of which had run low with the Christmas feasting. He withdrew five of the garrison for escort and rode off, leaving but four men on guard—Roger himself, Malachi, a labourer named Pascoe, and one Hickory Rodda, a schoolmaster from Wendron, whose elder brother Nathaniel, a small farmer from the same parish, went with the expedition.

Roger spent the morning in melting down lead for bullets and running it into moulds. During the afternoon he shut himself up with his Bible, and read until the print hurt his eyes. Then in the waning light he took his hat and started for a stroll around the back defences.

His way led through the kitchen, where Jane, the cook—the only woman left at Steens—was peeling potatoes for the night's supper: and there beside the open hearth sat Hickory Rodda writing by the glow of it, huddled on a stool, with a sheet of paper on his knee.

At Roger's entrance the young man—he was scarce twenty, long-legged, overgrown, and in bearing somewhat furtive—slipped a hand over the writing, and affected to stare into the fire.

"Hey! What's that you're doing?"

"Nun—nothing, Mr. Stephen: nothing particular, that is. I am writing a letter."

"Hand it over."

Hickory rose, upsetting his stool, and began to back away.

"'Tis a private letter I was writing to a friend."

Roger gripped him by the collar, plucked the paper from him, and took it to the door for better light. As he read, the dark blood surged up in his neck and face. It was addressed to Lady Piers, whom the country-side accused of having abetted Mrs. Stephen, whereas, in truth, her Ladyship had but listened to her tale when she fled homeless to Nansclowan, and (not commiserating at all but in common charity) had lent her clothing and a horse to convey her home to Porthleven: a foul letter, full of obscene abuse and threats. Roger cast back one look at its author, and from the doorway shouted into the yard—

"Malachi! Pascoe!"

His voice was terrible. The two men heard it at their posts and came running.

"Fetch a wain-ropel!" He caught Hickory by the collar again and forced his face up to the window against the red rays of the level sun. "Look on that, you dirt! And look your last on it! Nay, you shall see it once more, as you swing yonder."

He pointed across the courtledge to the boughs of an ash-tree in the corner, naked against the sky, and with that began to drag the youth through the passage to the front door. Pascoe, not staying to comprehend, had run for a rope. But Malachi and the cook broke into cries of horror.

"Nay, master, nay—you'll do no such thing—you cannot! Let the poor boy go: he's half dead a'ready—"

"Cannot? I'll see if I cannot!" grunted Roger, and panted with rage. "Open the door, you! He'll hang, I tell you, afore this sun goes down!"

Jane fled screaming out into the courtyard: but the old man followed his master and protested—

"Surely, surely—'tis a sin unheard of! The good Lord deliver us, 'tis mad you be to think of it!"

"Mad, am I? P'raps so: but 'twill be an ill madness for this coward." He spurned the dragging body with his foot. "Ah, here's Pascoe! Quick, you: swarm up the tree here and take a hitch round that branch. See the one I mean?—the third up. Take your hitch by the knot yonder: but climb out first and see if it bears."

Pascoe made no demur, but began to climb laboriously, rope in hand.

The rope was fixed, and Roger in the act of noosing it, when Jane came running back through the house.

"Oh, Master: they've caught her! They've caught her!"

"Caught whom?"

"Why, Jezebel herself! They've got her in the yard at this moment, and Master Trevarthen's a-bringing her in!"

XI.

Trevarthen had planned the stroke, and brought it off dashing. From the Helleston road that morning he and his troop had turned aside and galloped across the moors to the outskirts of the village where Mrs. Stephen lodged. No man dared to oppose them, if any man wished to. They had dragged her from the house, hoisted her on horseback, and headed for home unpursued. It was all admirably simple, as Trevarthen related it, swelling with honest pride, by the kitchen-fire. The woman herself heard it, cowering in a chair beside the hearth, wondering what her death would be.

Roger Stephen looked at her. "Ah!" He drew a long breath.

Then Trevarthen went on to tell—for the wonders of the day were not over—how on their homeward road they had caught up with a messenger from Truro hurrying towards Steens with news that the new Sheriff was already on the march with a regiment drawn off from

the barracks at Plymouth, and had reached Bodmin. In two days' time they might find themselves besieged again.

Roger listened, but scarcely seemed to hear. His eyes were on the woman in the chair, and he drew another long breath.

With that, a man came crawling through the doorway, or stooping so low that he seemed to crawl. It was young Rodda, and he ran to his brother Nathaniel with a sob, and clasped him about the legs.

"Hullo!" cried Nathaniel. "Why, Hick, lad, what's taken 'ee?"

Said Roger carelessly: "I was going to hang him. But I can afford to stretch a point now. Carry the cur to the gate and fling him outside."

"Dang it all, Mr. Stephen," spoke up Nat, "you may be master in your own house, but I reckon Hick and I didn't come here for our own pleasure: and I see no sport in jokin' a lad till you've scared 'en pretty well out of his five senses. Why, see here, friends—he's tremblin' like a leaf."

"He—he meant it!" sobbed Hickory.

"Meant it? Of course I meant it—the dirty, thievin' letter-writer!" Roger's eyes blazed with madness, and



"Am I captain here, or amn't I?"

the men by the hearth growled and shrank away from him. He pulled out his pistol, and, walking up, presented it at Nat Rodda's head. "Am I captain here, or amn't I? Very well, then: I caught that cur to-day writin' a foul letter—a letter to Lady Piers. Well, you've helped to do me a favour to-day, and I'll cry quits with you and your brother for't. But I want no more of you or your haveage: yon's the door—walk!"

Nat Rodda shrugged his shoulders and obeyed, his brother at his heels. One or two of the men would have interfered, but Trevarthen checked them. Malachi alone went with the pair to let them forth and bar the gates behind them.

"I thank ye, Master Stephen," said Nat, turning in the doorway with a short laugh. "You've let two necks of your company out o' the halter." He swung round and stepped out into the darkness.

His words struck like the stroke of a bell upon one or two hearts in the kitchen. Trevarthen stepped forward briskly to undo the mischief.

"We'll have forty of the boys back before daylight: Dick Eva's taken a fresh horse to carry round the warning. Get to your posts, lads, and leave Jane to cook supper. 'Tis 'one and all' now, and fight square: and if Hick Rodda has been sending his dirty threats to Nansclowan and frightening women, he's a good riddance, say I."

The woman in the chair heard all this and saw Trevarthen draw Roger aside as the men filed out. They were muttering. By-and-by Roger commanded Jane to go and set candles in the parlour. Again they fell to muttering, and so continued until she returned.

Roger Stephen came slowly forward to the hearth. "Stand up," he said. And Mrs. Stephen stood up.

She could not raise her eyes to his face, but felt that he was motioning her to walk before him. Her limbs seemed weighted with lead: but she obeyed.

They passed out together and into the parlour, where Roger shut the door behind him and locked it.

XII.

A dull fire burned on the hearth, banked high upon a pile of white wood ash. Beside it lay a curiously shaped ladle, with a curl at the end of its iron handle. Two candles stood on the oval table in the centre of the room—the table at which she had been used to sit as mistress. She found her accustomed chair and seated herself. She had no doubt but that this man meant to kill her. In a dull way, she wondered how it would be.

Roger, having locked the door, came slowly forward and waited, looking down at her, with his back to the hearth.

By-and-by she lifted her face. "How will you do it?" she asked, very quietly, meeting his eyes.

For the moment he did not seem to understand. Then, drawing in his breath, he laughed to himself—almost without sound, and yet she heard it.

"There's more than one way, if you was woman. But I've been reading the Bible: there's a deal about witches in the Bible and so I came to understand ye." He stared at her and nodded.

Having once lifted her face, she could eye him steadily. But she made no answer.

He stooped and picked up the ladle at his feet. "You needn't be afraid," he said slowly: "I promised Trevarthen I wouldn't hurt you beforehand. And afterwards—it'll be soon over. D'ye know what I use this for? It's for melting bullets."

He felt in his waistcoat-pocket, drew out a crown-piece, held it for a moment betwixt finger and thumb, and dropped it into the ladle.

"They say 'tis the surest way with a witch," said he; then, after a pause, "As for that lawyer fellow of yours—"

And here he paused again, this time in some astonishment, for she had risen, and now with no fear in her eyes—only scorn.

"Go on!" she commanded.

"Well," concluded Roger grimly, "where

you fought me as my father's wife, he fought for dirty pay: and where you cheated me, he lied you into cheating. Therefore, if I caught him, he'd die no such easy death. Isn't that enough?"

"I thank you," she said, and her eyes seemed to lighten as they looked into his. "You are a violent man, but not vile—as some. You have gone deep, and you mean to kill me to-morrow—or is it to-night? But I mean to save you from that."

"I think not, mistress."

"I think 'yes,' stepson—that is, if you believe that, killing me, you will kill your father's child."

For a moment he did not understand. His eyes travelled over her as she stood erect, stretching out her hands.

Suddenly his head sank. He did not cry out, though he knew—as she knew—that the truth of it had killed him. Not for one moment—it was characteristic of him—did he doubt. In her worst enemy she found, in the act of killing him, her champion against the world.

He groped for the door, unlocked it, and passed out.

In the kitchen he spoke to Jane, the cook, who ran and escorted Mrs. Stephen, not without difficulty, up to her own room.

Roger remained as she left him, staring into the fire.

(To be concluded.)

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE, 1903.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF MADAGASCAR: THE PROMOTION OF HYGIENE.



FRENCH MEDICAL OFFICERS WEIGHING A MALAGASY BABY.

One of the first cares of General Gallieni on arriving in Madagascar was to take measures to regenerate the Malagasy race. His earliest efforts were made among the tribes of the Ilovas and the Betsileos, who are the most apt to appreciate European methods. Native doctors, organised under French medical officers, are carrying out many beneficial regulations, and it is no uncommon sight to see these functionaries solemnly weighing Malagasy babies, while the mothers stand around in attentive wonderment.

THE RETURN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT FROM INDIA, MARCH 27.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COZENS.



H.M.S. "RENOWN," WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ON BOARD, ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH.

As the "Renown" entered Portsmouth Harbour, all the ships of war were dressed and manned, and salutes were fired as the vessel conveying the royal voyagers steamed towards the south railway jetty.

THE KING AT THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE, MARCH 27.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LIVERPOOL.



Lord Derby. Lord Roberts. Lady Gerard. Lady Alice Stanley.

Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild.

Lord Lurgan.

KING EDWARD WATCHING THE PRELIMINARY JUMP FROM A TEMPORARY BALCONY IN FRONT OF LORD DERBY'S BOX.

Immediately after the preliminary jump, his Majesty ascended to the roof of the box to see the race itself.

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NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

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Ranson's Folly. By Richard Harding Davis. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
Pearl Maiden. H. Rider Haggard. (London: Longmans. 6s.)
Karl of Erbach. By H. C. Bailey. (London: Longmans. 6s.)
Overdue. By W. Clark Russell. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Furniture of the Olden Time. By Frances Clary Morse. (London: Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)
Spirals in Nature and Art, etc. By Theodore Andrea Cook. With a Preface by Professor E. Ray Lankester. (London: Murray. 7s. 6d.)

With a translation of Alphonse Daudet's "The Nabob" Mr. Heinemann brings to a close his admirable series, "A Century of French Romance." These volumes have been edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has, with excellent judgment, enlisted a band of experts to write introductions to each volume. In the present instance Professor Trent introduces the novel, and Mr. Gosse outlines with a sure touch the events of Daudet's life in



Alph. Daudet

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

AFTER A PASTEL BY W. ROTHENSTEIN.

Reproduced from "The Nabob," by permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

relation to his achievement. No modern French writer was slower in taking hold of English readers, but once they were won to him they became more than mere admirers. It was, indeed, as a friend that a very large circle in this country mourned him on his untimely death. "The Nabob," which reflects with infinite humour every conceivable light and shade of Parisian life, was written at high pressure; and yet, curiously enough, scarcely any of Daudet's works is looser in its structure, so that it appears almost to have been composed by fits and starts of varying inspiration. This novel, with its brilliant description of the Second Empire, was perversely regarded by many persons as a *roman à clef*. Jenkins was supposed to be a Dr. Olliffe, and Felicia Ruys was held to be Sarah Bernhardt; but Daudet himself would confess to only two originals. This final volume sustains the high reputation of the series.

The worst of collections of short stories is that somebody—certainly not either the public or the critics—seems to insist upon their containing a fixed number of pages, with the result that most volumes of the kind hold an unnecessary quantity of ballast. Mr. Davis can write well at his best; but, like most of us, he is not always at his best. The dog story in the present volume, for instance, is an offence. It belongs to the absurd *genre* in which animals reason and talk like human beings. The ruling passion in Mr. Davis's dog hero is devotion to a mother whom he had lost for years. Apart from this descent into twaddle, it is odd to find a badly bred animal winning prizes at dog-shows even in the United States, and many will question the taste of discussing a puppy's pedigree on the lines that apply to human family affairs. "Ranson's Folly" is a far better story—or, rather, episode; but really Mr. Davis ought not to write that "he was becoming too like the man she had pictured for her husband than was good for her peace of mind." "A Derelict" makes fresh use of a not very original idea—the unselfishness that allows a man to let his friend take credit for his own work; and though the motive is unconvincing, the setting of the story, in the fringes of the Cuban War, is very vigorous. But the fourth tale in the book, "La Lettre d'Amour," is good enough to atone for any defects in its companions. We know very few short stories in English so admirable as this. The theme is the sudden revelation to a lover of a girl's incapacity to understand love, and the treatment is as delicate as it is original. If we must criticise so good a piece of work, we would suggest that when an author insists on dragging in living musicians he might at least spell their names correctly.

In "Pearl Maiden" Mr. Rider Haggard takes his readers back to the first Christian century. Many writers have attempted to do likewise, and a few—a very few—have succeeded, at least to some extent. Mr. Haggard may be reckoned among their number: we breathe the air of the East as we read his pages and imbibe something of the spirit of these clamorous, discordant days, in which, with many a birth-pang, the small Christian community took hold upon the world's life. Mr. Haggard's book is not altogether, or indeed mainly, concerned with religious matters, but wherever these are touched upon it is with complete, albeit passionless, reverence, aided by a very just perception of the difficulties which beset the first Christians. Mr. Haggard does not make use of those cumbersome forms of speech which, in the work of more ordinary people, are designed to produce an Eastern atmosphere: in their place we have much quick, dramatic dialogue, tintured with wit, and forceful, as the adequate expression of the human heart must always be. It would almost seem that life—at least with Mr. Rider Haggard as its exponent—must have been vastly more exciting twenty centuries ago than it is to-day, and not so very much less complex; picturesque it certainly appears to have been, in its barbaric and almost incredible splendour, or, in strong contrast, its terrible necessity and chaos during the siege of Jerusalem; while in the peaceful village life of the Essenes a new and sweeter element is introduced. With these tillers of the soil Mr. Haggard seems very much at home, and their peculiar, but not unworthy, creed is sympathetically handled. Of the story, as such, it is not necessary to say much. The characterisation, though unequal, is on the whole good, and sometimes strikingly so. Nehushta, the Libyan slave, convert though she is, is most refreshingly human; and hews her way out of many an untoward situation. The heroine is good and beautiful, as heroines should be, with enough defects to give her a place in the reader's affections. Marcus is more to our liking, and the reader may even discover a sneaking weakness for the ill-starred villain: at the least, he knew how to love. It is not often that a serious or a very dramatic story provokes a smile; but Mr. Haggard is by no means deficient in humour, and suddenly the reader may find himself laughing, with that best laughter which is absolutely spontaneous.

"Karl of Erbach" (which, by the way, ran through one of the leading magazines under the title of "Prince Karl") is a tale of the States of Lichtenstein and Solgau, and of a part they played in the great drama of the Thirty Years' War. The Count of Erbach, following in the steps of his father, has been successful in keeping Solgau out of the game that is ruining its neighbours; but when the story opens, this policy of its Marshal is being reversed. Prince Eberhard of Solgau has been cajoled into an alliance with Lichtenstein, sealed by the marriage of Prince Ludwig von Lichtenstein with Solgau's Princess, Dorothea, and France has bought them both. The complications follow which Erbach had anticipated, and others, which he could not have foreseen, resulting from the treachery of the dastard Ludwig. How they are unravelled by the silent strong man Karl, is Mr. Bailey's story, and a vivid and passionate story it is. Besides those we have mentioned, Père Joseph, the Envoy of France, and Turenne, now on the threshold of his glorious career, and Duke Bernhard of Weimar figure in its pages. A particularly stirring chapter, "The Fairies of the Black Lake," tells how Ludwig, with an army outnumbering the Marshal's by three to one, presses up the pass against him, and how Karl drags his cannonades up the hills and hides them, and so leads Ludwig into a trap at the Schwartzsee, and utterly routs the Lichtenstein force. Love as well as war is the author's theme—the love of Karl and Yolande, and of Yolande's sister, Amaryllis, and the admirable Comte de Lormont, the last a character of somewhat conventional feature, but made individual by clever and original portraiture. "Karl of Erbach," in a word, is one of the best stories of its class which we have read for long, and shows that Mr. Bailey has in him the real stuff of romance.

There is nothing particularly novel in the pages of "Overdue," but at the same time Mr. Clark Russell has a natural, breezy style of writing, and the well-worn stock-in-trade peculiar to stories of the sea serves him well. The good ship *Dealman*, sailing for Staten Island to recover treasure from a wreck, meets with her full complement of adventures in shape of sharks, waterspouts, and mysterious craft. She also carries a very lovely lady—more beautiful by far than the type of heroine commonly met with to-day—who has hidden herself on board rather than be separated from her recently wedded husband. To her presence all the complications that follow are more or less due. The villain, who is the gentleman sent to represent the insurance company, falls violently and irrevocably in love with her, and the situation is delicate, not to say strained, until Mr. Clark Russell intervenes. There is a diver who is fat and worthy, and a mate who, to use the parlance of the East-End, is "two-faced." It is not necessary to say more; the experienced reader knows what to expect. Mr. Clark Russell's language is occasionally the language of hyperbole, as when he speaks of the "hideously immoral disclosure of naked propeller." The scientific conversation introduced is by no means uninteresting.

Miss Morse writes of "Furniture of the Olden Time" from an American point of view; that is, the interest and the intelligence are keen, the time is not very olden, and there is some Dutch tradition among the English derivations. Her study of furniture goes back to the day of the *Mayflower*, and to the examples of household stuff with which the pilgrims landed—"to judge by what is still on hand," says Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "at least a hundred loads." For next to having an ancestor on board, it is a proud thing to have a chair; the chair, moreover, has long outlasted the ancestor, and can be exhibited. To come to times of somewhat later date, there was a fairly quick importation of fashions from Europe. A month or two is not much in the vogue of solid mahogany and walnut, and as the little Boston girl had her hair dressed in a "pompeydore" before the mode was old in Paris, so her mother followed the favourite ways of London and Holland in the fitting up of her Transatlantic parlour, not too late. And very good pieces by good makers crossed the ocean. Much of Miss Morse's book is concerned with Chippendale in the middle of the eighteenth century, and with Sheraton in the end of that age and the beginning of the next. The half-informed reader who associates the name of Chippendale with the conventional "spindle-legs" will find a surprise in the Chippendale furniture with the short bandy-leg and the claw-and-ball foot, and still more in the "Chinese taste" of some of these charming designs. The delight in the extreme-Orient is not so new a thing as the so-called discovery of Japanese art in the 'sixties seems to suggest. This complete and well-planned volume is illustrated throughout, and the series of furnishings is full of beautiful design.

Mr. Cook has taken upon himself the burden of proving, by elaborate argument, that the open staircase at Blois, in Touraine, was built from the designs of Leonardo da Vinci, Mr. Cook being a hero-worshipper, with Leonardo (and we cannot quarrel at the choice) for the hero. In fact, the extraordinary beauty of the spiral staircase struck Mr. Cook, we may suppose, as being too perfect to be the work of any other man. That much assumed, he set to work. Facts seemed to fit in; so wonderfully well, indeed, that Mr. Cook could dispense with the divinings of the hero-worshipper and rely on the cold facts of science. Science, however, we hasten to add, is not cold in the enthusiastic hands of Mr. Cook. He lays hold of the sciences of history, architecture, mathematics, morphology, and botany with a respectful but firm hand, forcing all to join company with him in proving that Leonardo was the architect of the Blois staircase. Biology supplies its sea-shell, the *Voluta vespertilio*, with its spiral columella, to prove that the nameless architect had an intimate knowledge of natural forms, and, moreover, that he was so ardent a student of nature that the curves of his staircase were exactly copied from the *Voluta*. A designer with just such equipment Leonardo was; and his manuscripts, to which Mr. Cook has given a scrupulous attention, show him to have been much concerned with spiral forms. We are not wholly prepared to accept the *Voluta* as the source of the staircase, however. Mr. Cook hardly benefits the argument in showing us—though he does it in most interesting fashion—stage by stage, the development of spiral staircases; how the laws of space and convenience first



STUDY FOR THE "LEDA" BY LEONARDO DA VINCI,
SHOWING SPIRAL FORM OF HEAD-DRESS.

FROM THE WINDSOR COLLECTION.

Reproduced from "Spirals in Nature and Art," by permission of Mr. John Murray.

made them necessary, and how they gradually became more ornate in their constructional forms. Is it not possible that the exquisite curves of the Blois *Escalier à l'Yvoir* were evolved from anterior spiral staircases by a mind—and France was rich at the beginning of the sixteenth century—not familiar with the *Voluta*, but keenly alive to architectural beauty? Through all the in-and-out argument we go on the heels of Mr. Cook as in a game of follow-the-leader. His pen is not made heavy by a considerable load and labouring of facts; it is buoyant with a light-hearted knowledge. But Mr. Cook, to persuade us utterly, must find buried under the central shaft a specimen of *Voluta vespertilio* or a drawing of a staircase among the manuscripts of the Florentine. Such are the proofs demanded from enthusiasm in the twentieth century.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORTS AT QUEEN'S CLUB, MARCH 28: THE WINNERS



THE WINNER OF PUTTING THE WEIGHT: H. A. LEEKE (CORPUS, CAMBRIDGE) MAKING THE FINAL PUTT.



THE WINNER OF THE LONG JUMP: T. A. LEACH (BRASENOSE, OXFORD) COVERS 22 FT. 3 IN.



THE WINNER OF THROWING THE HAMMER: H. A. LEEKE (CORPUS, CAMBRIDGE).



THE WINNER OF THE HIGH JUMP: G. HOWARD-SMITH (TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE), CLEARS 5 FT. 10½ IN.



THE WINNER OF THE HURDLE RACE: G. R. GARNIER (ORIEL, OXFORD).



THE WINNER OF THE HALF-MILE: T. B. WILSON (PEMBROKE, CAMBRIDGE) FINISHING.



THE WINNER OF THE QUARTER-MILE: R. W. BARCLAY (TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE) LEADING INSIDE.



THE WINNER OF THE MILE: H. W. GREGSON (CHRIST'S, CAMBRIDGE) FINISHING.



THE WINNER OF THE 100 YARDS: R. W. BARCLAY (TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE) FINISHING.



THE WINNER OF THE THREE MILES: H. P. W. MACNAGHTEN (KING'S, CAMBRIDGE) LEADING ON OUTSIDE.

The Inter-University Sports, held this year at Queen's Club on March 28, have now been decided on forty occasions. Cambridge, the victors at this year's Sports, have scored twenty wins to Oxford's eighteen. There have been two ties.

THE FALL OF SOKOTO AND CLOSE OF THE NIGERIAN OPERATIONS, MARCH 15: SCENES OF MILITARY AND INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS IN WEST AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. EAGLE NEWBERRY.



THE WEST AFRICAN FIELD FORCE AND BAND AT LOKOJA.

A LANDMARK OF PROGRESS AT LOKOJA: THE ANGLO-AFRICAN BANK.

A MARKET ON THE NIGER: SELLERS OF BEADS AND ORNAMENTS.

HAUSSA ARTILLERYMEN PRACTISING WITH A QUICK-FIRING GUN.

A STAPLE INDUSTRY: EXTRACTING SALT FROM BRINE-SATURATED EARTH.

SALT EXUDING FROM STRATA NEAR AWE, ON THE PROPERTY OF THE NIGERIA AND WEST AFRICA DEVELOPMENT SYNDICATE.

A WEALTHY PLACE: A HOLE NEAR GRIFA, FROM WHICH 20,000 OUNCES OF SILVER HAVE BEEN TAKEN, NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NORTHERN NIGERIA DEVELOPMENT SYNDICATE.

THE NIGERIAN METHOD OF GRINDING CORN BY HAND UPON A STONE.

(See Article on "Our Note-Book" Page.)



SHADOOFS FOR IRRIGATION ALONG THE BANKS OF THE NIGER.



SALT-WORKS AT AWE: LAYING DOWN EARTH TO ABSORB BRINE.

Photos, C. Harold Newberry.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA.

On another page we describe the process of salt-manufacture as carried out on the property of the Nigeria and West African Development Syndicate.



Disposing of sick cases after a hard day's march at the native hospital in Lobadal.

March, the British Column under Colonel Jackson 2nd Division.

THE ADVANCE IN SOMALILAND: TREATING CASES IN THE CAMP NATIVE HOSPITAL AT LOBADAL AFTER A HARD DAY'S MARCH.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.

Lobadal is one of the first stages on the march inland from Obbia. It is about ten miles from the coast.



Photos, Cribb.

THE KING'S VOYAGE TO LISBON: THE ESCORTING CRUISERS "VENUS" AND "MINERVA."

By his Majesty's gracious permission, our Special Artist, Mr. Allan Stewart, has been accommodated on board the "Venus." His first sketches of the King's tour, which Mr. Stewart will illustrate throughout, will appear in our next issue.



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE, 1903: THE SCENE FROM BARNES BRIDGE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The names and places of the Cambridge Crew, reading from the left centre, are — *W. H. Chapman (Third Trinity), Bow. 2. *P. H. Thomas (Third Trinity). 3. S. R. Beale (First Trinity). 4. *C. W. H. Taylor (Third Trinity). 5. J. S. Carter (King's). 6. *H. B. Geyl (First Trinity). 7. *J. Edwards-Moss (Third Trinity). *R. H. Nelson (Third Trinity), Stroke. B. G. A. Scott (Trinity Hall), Cox. The names and places of the Oxford Crew, reading from the right centre, are — C. A. Willis (Magdalen), Bow. 2. A. K. Graham (Balliol). 3. *A. de L. Long (New College). 4. E. S. Kelly (Balliol). 5. *H. W. Adams (University). 6. *D. Milburn (Lincoln). 7. *G. C. Drinkwater (Wadham). E. G. Montier-Williams (University), Stroke. F. T. H. Eyre (Keele), Cox. (*An Old Blue.)

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XVI.: ADEN.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE TRANSFERENCE OF ADEN TO THE BRITISH: OFFICIALS INSPECTING THE CISTERNS BUILT IN 1700 B.C.

In 1837 a British ship was wrecked near Aden, and the crew and passengers grievously maltreated by the Arabs. The Bombay Government demanded an explanation, whereupon the Sultan agreed to make compensation and to sell his town and port to the English. The Sultan's son, however, who administered the government, refused to implement the bargain, and the place was reduced by a naval and military force on January 16, 1839. Aden then became an outlying portion of the Bombay Presidency. It has been fortified and garrisoned, and its magnificent water-tanks, which had been allowed to fall into disrepair, have been partially restored.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

As I write, we are receiving scientific news of a character well calculated to create a very intense interest in the minds of all who have the welfare of the race at heart. From Vienna comes news that Professor Behring has succeeded in rendering the cow immune to the attack of tuberculosis, and from the Jenner Institute in London emanates the intelligence that Dr. A. McFadyean has produced an anti-toxin calculated to be of great service, not only in curing, but in preventing typhoid fever. These two diseases are, of course, responsible for a large amount of present-day mortality. It is true the death-rate from tuberculosis has been decreasing since public attention was directed to the ways and means whereby the distribution of the germs of tubercle can be arrested. Typhoid fever has also been very considerably limited through our knowledge of its propagation by polluted water and allied media. Acting on this knowledge, we secure that infection of water shall be stopped, and if this source of trouble could be effectively tackled, we should be able to reduce the ailment to a miserable minimum as compared with the present rate of its occurrence.

Much has been done of late years in science to attack disease with its own weapons. My readers may know what is meant by the "serum" treatment. It represents the attempt of science to hoist microbes with their own petard. A horse is inoculated with the microbes of diphtheria. The animal remains strong and well under this treatment. Then in blood drawn from it, we find developed in course of time what we call the "anti-toxin" of the disease. The germs multiplying in the serum or fluid of the blood have given rise to this new substance. When the latter is inoculated into a child suffering from diphtheria it cures the little patient. The anti-toxin acts upon the microbes causing the fell disorder, produces reaction in the child, with the result that the disease is checked and recovery made possible.

It is the application of this same principle to tuberculosis which forms the subject of Professor Behring's researches. Dr. Koch, at the great Congress held in 1901, maintained that tuberculosis in the cow was a different disease from that found in man. On this belief he founded his declaration that the milk of a tuberculous cow, laden with germs, could not produce the disease in, say, a child fed on the milk. Needless to say, this dictum was disputed, and it is now fairly well ascertained that the disease of the cow can be transferred, by inoculation, to man, showing that he is susceptible of attack by one channel at least. Dr. Behring's investigations were directed to the solution of the opposite question apparently. He prepared a pure culture of the bacilli of human tubercle. This he used to inoculate the cow. The bacilli were so treated that they retained their full measure of disease-producing qualities. Inoculated with this human culture, the cow was proved to be proof against infection from its own kind. The younger the animal experimented upon the more efficient was the protection afforded.

Now, there follows upon this result another of much importance in respect of human health and protection from tuberculosis. It seems that cows so treated develop in their milk some principle or other which has the effect of rendering children fed upon it insusceptible to tubercular attack. If we can be assured on this point, a very great advance will have been made towards the prevention of the disease in early life, assuming, of course, that tuberculosis is capable of being caused in young children by the giving to them of milk from cows whose udders are affected. Whether the same result would follow in the case of adults is a matter awaiting further investigation, but at least a great gain would accrue to the civilised world if tuberculosis were made impossible of conveyance through the medium of a fluid so universally used as milk. We are unable at present to discuss the meaning of Behring's experiments as applied to the criticism of Koch's views. They may imply that human tuberculosis is different from that of cattle. They may, on the other hand, be held to teach us that the two diseases are identical. All depends on one's interpretation of the facts as they stand. But it may be possible, even if the two diseases are believed to be distinct in their nature, to hold that they are interchangeable; that is to say, that the one ailment is capable of being modified by the other, just as smallpox transmitted through the calf produces the vaccine lymph which in man confers protection against smallpox attack.

Dr. McFadyean's researches in typhoid fever proceed on similar lines. He makes a preparation of the juice or fluid of the actual germs of the disease. Thus he obtains a solution highly poisonous in the sense that it will convey the disease very effectively. Used to inoculate an animal, this solution confers upon its blood properties that are found to be antagonistic in a very marked degree to the typhoid bacillus. When animals known to be liable to the attack of this fever were inoculated with the serum and then infected with powerful doses of the actual germs of the disease, they remained well. Others not so protected succumbed to the fever. Not less important is the fact that if the serum were used after a lapse of time subsequent to the animals' being infected with typhoid germs, the animals escaped attack or at least recovered. It is here as if the germs which had the start of the serum were overtaken in the race, and killed off. Probably we are only at the beginning of things now. The serum treatment has advanced materially of late years, and it is possible we may contemplate a time to come when the serums of the physician will largely replace the druggist's wares. Then he will fight our microbial enemies literally with their own hand.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

W. EVANS.—(1) We have not got the solutions you require at hand. (2) It is not necessary to give every variation.

F. F. D.—We cannot accept problems without solutions. Kindly send yours and the problems shall be examined.

G. R. MAY (Stratford).—We are sorry we cannot make use of your problem. The play is too weak to please our solvers.

J. PAUL TAYLOR, G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON, AND H. E. KIDSON.—Thanks for problems.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3065 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3071 from D. B. R. (Oban); J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), R. D. E., and Frank W. Atchinson (Crowthorne); of No. 3072 from W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), W. J. Moran (Isle of Man), H. S. Brandreth, Shadforth, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Police-Constable Slater (Fathfield), F. B. (Worthing), A. G. (Pancsova), T. Roberts, W. M. Eglinton (Birmingham), Charles Burnett, and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3073 received from W. D. Easton (Sunderland), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), L. Desanges, T. Dale (Hartlepool), T. Roberts, H. J. Plumb (Wotton-under-Edge), W. A. Lillico (Glasgow), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), James W. North, Reginald Gordon, Albert Wolff (Putney), E. G. D. Lardner (Limerick), H. Le Jeune, Edward M. Fyson (Higham), M. Hobbouse, Edith Corser (Reigate), J. F. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford), F. J. S. (Hampstead), H. S. Brandreth, Charles Burnett, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Hereward, Julia Short (Exeter), Shadforth, F. B. (Worthing), F. Henderson (Leeds), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Captain Parnes, G. C. B., R. Worters (Canterbury), Sorrento, Clement C. Danby, T. Farrant (Liverpool), Fire Plug, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Twynan (Ryde), and J. W. (Campsie).

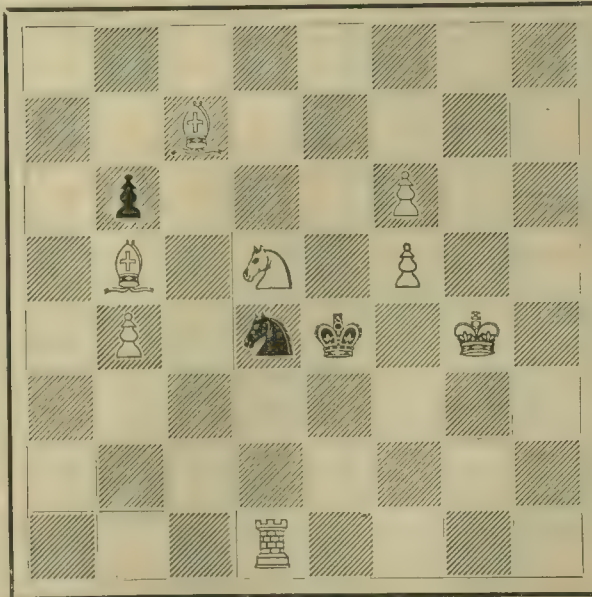
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3072.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K 8th K takes P
2. R to K 8th (ch) K takes P
3. Q to R 5th, mate.

If Black play 1. Kt moves, 2. R to Kt 3rd (ch); and if 1. P to B 5th, then 2. Q to K sq (ch), K takes Kt, or moves; 3. B mates.

PROBLEM No. 3075.—By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SURREY.

Game played in match for Surrey County Challenge Cup between Mr. C. REDWAY and SIR WYKE BAYLISS.

(King's Bishop Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Sir W. B.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Sir W. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Q to K 2nd	B to Q 3rd
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	15. P to Q 3rd	K to R sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	16. P to Q 4th	P takes P
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	17. B to Kt 5th	
5. P takes P	Kt takes P		
6. Kt takes B P			
This is a sort of combination of openings, and a very inferior variety of that. The sacrifice is utterly unsound.			
7. Q to B 3rd (ch)	K to K 3rd	18. Q to K 2nd	Q to B sq
8. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt	19. P to K 4th	R to K 4th
9. Castles	K to K 3rd	20. B takes Kt	Kt takes P
10. R to K sq	P to B 3rd	21. R to K B 3rd	Q takes B
11. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	B to Q 4th	22. B takes R	Q takes P (ch)
12. Q to R 5th (ch)	R to B sq	23. K to B 2nd	B to Kt 6th (ch)
13. Kt to K 4th	R to B 4th	24. K to B 3rd	Q to R 5th

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played between Messrs. MARSHALL and TEICHMANN.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	14. B to R 4th	Kt takes Kt
2. P to Q B 4th	P to Q B 3rd	15. B takes B	Q takes B
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. R takes Kt	Q to Q 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	17. Q R to K sq	Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 3rd		
6. P to K 3rd	B to Q 3rd		
7. B to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd		
This virtually ends the pressure for Black, although the enemy's pieces are still menacing his King's position.			
8. P takes P	K P takes P	18. R to R 4th	B to K 3rd
9. Q to B 2nd	Q to Q sq	19. Kt to K 5th	K R to K sq
10. P to K 4th	P takes P	20. R to K 3rd	Q R to Q sq
11. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	21. R to Kt 3rd	B to B 4th
12. Castles K R	P to K R 3rd	22. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to K 5th
13. K R to K sq	Castles	23. R takes Kt	B takes R
The defence adopted by Black does not appear a good one. His position is cramped, and much time is wasted over these useless moves of Queen and Bishop.			
14. R to R 4th	B to K 3rd	24. Q to B 4th	P to K B 4th
15. Kt to K 5th	K R to K sq	25. B to B 4th (ch)	K to R 2nd
16. R to Kt 3rd	B to B 4th	26. Kt to B 7th	
17. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to K 5th		
18. R takes Kt	B takes R		
19. Q to B 4th	P to K B 4th		
20. B to B 4th (ch)	K to R 2nd		
An oversight which loses the Queen. His chance of victory was, however, gone, and we can only regret such fine mid-game play met with no better fate. Both players are to be congratulated on this splendid game.			
21. Q takes Q			
22. White resigns.			

"Method in Solving Three-Move Chess Problems," by Herbert N. Fellows, is a four page reprint of an excellent article from a provincial contemporary on the art of solving three-move chess problems, and may be obtained by enclosing two stamps to Mr. Herbert N. Fellows, 74, Curzon Street, Wolverhampton.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

THE FOREST IN SPRING.

The New Forest is surely not so very much altered since the days when it received its name. It is easy to penetrate into it, and there forget the outer world as completely as though hedges and highways did not exist—to lose one's self in a real forest of many centuries' standing.

Viewed from one of the stretches of heath—great open sunlit spaces let into the vast acres of woodland—the verdure wears a delicate bloom under the light haze of a warm spring day. The trees hold the sunlight in their branches and gather the shadows round their feet. There is a golden undertone through all the young foliage—so bright, indeed, are the beeches that at a little distance their grey boughs look black among the clouds of shining leaves.

It is carpeted with dead leaves and springing bracken, mosses, withered heath, and bilberry plants. The croon of doves, the scream of jays, the harsh laughter of woodpeckers, the chuckling of squirrels in the beeches, the rustling of mice in the undergrowth, are sounds which belong to the forest-country, and are fitly accompanied by the low rush of the breezes through long miles of leaf and branch. In perfect harmony with these are the songs of the birds which frequent every grove and garden, and which naturally resort in great numbers here. But thrush and blackbird melody, and cheery warbling of the robin, the haybird, the finches, the whitethroats, and the wrens, ring sweeter where, listening to them, one can follow along a green path that leads one knows not whither; only, looking back, one sees that it comes out of green, and, looking on, that it goes into green.

Sometimes the sun goes down through a brooding silence, and at others a gleeful medley of sounds speeds it on its way. When one finds Nature's great family full of mirth, it is hard not to be gay too. One can imagine the sap to be coursing more swiftly through the swaying boughs; the birds seem to stand on tip-toe and shout to one another; the woodmice caper in the undergrowth; a peewit, winging his way lazily over the heath, suddenly gives a shriek and begins to tumble about in the air; the woodpecker scrambles up and down his tree-trunk with an energetic scratching that would lead one to suppose he were devouring untold numbers of insects, but in reality he does nothing but laugh, until surely his emerald sides must ache; a snake will glide through the marsh from one dewy spot to another, unable to rest.

Not less numerous than the thrushes singing in the forest tree-tops are the woodmice playing among the roots. The two small creatures exist in very different spheres, and yet he of the furry coat leads a life not at all devoid of poetry. His networks of subways lie near the earth's surface, so near that the slight roofing of decayed leaves invariably falls in beneath a human foot. But as they are everywhere joined together, besides having many outlets above ground, an occasional collapse of the tunnels does not disturb the digger thereof: he retreats to a byway until the danger be past, and then speedily repairs the damage by boring a fresh hole through the ruins. It is pleasant to hear the busy grind of a mouse's teeth as he disposes of his dinner under a cushion of moss. One can fancy him sitting there in a couch neatly hollowed among the fibres, reached at both sides by sloping tunnels, which ensure means of escape in case of alarm. As in the dim light he eats his berries, he listens to subdued music from the upper world, and hears below him oozing drops of water groping their way to the marsh through many obstacles. Absorbed in his own occupations, he is nevertheless conscious of all that goes on overhead and underfoot. He constructs subterranean passages; he digs out cellars and sleeping apartments; he lays up vast winter stores; he occasionally finds time for elf-like gambols, and sometimes for a song; and when, sooner or later, he provides a meal in his own person for owl, stoat, or weasel, he leaves behind innumerable progeny to fulfil a like thrilling career.

The track will lead perhaps to a grass avenue which descends in a long slope to a stream, and then climbs up a fir-crowned hill. The stream does not bend just here: it forms a straight, gleaming line, with ragged borders emerging from, and passing into, a thicket of stems. Following its even course with the eye, one may catch sight of some inhabitant of the woods come to quench his thirst. A fox may appear in the distance, pressing through the reedy herbage to drink; but before his muzzle has touched the water he detects the proximity of man and instantly melts out of the picture, leaving the green so unruffled that one is puzzled as to which spot the little red form filled and vacated so hurriedly.

Or perhaps a fallow deer may show himself on the rising ground yonder where he loves to lie at noon, his head turned to meet the breezes which bring him the forest news, the fragrance of the sun-warmed firs in his nostrils. He will hesitate long upon the brow of the hillock to ascertain if all be well. Watching the tossing head and stamping hoofs, the graceful neck turning this way and that, one is apt to think him wholly engrossed with the flies, but in reality he is taking his bearings. If he scents danger, his attitude changes suddenly, and he stands as though he had grown from the soil and were rooted to it.

But should the winds and tree-trunks favour the watcher, even a deer's sharp senses may be deceived. Behold him, then, pace down the hillside, to pass from under the sombre firs among the young oaks that crowd along the borders of our avenue and the banks of the stream, and, in fact, here monopolise the earth's surface. The sunbeams that filter through them, and the shadows of their leaves, play softly on his dappled flanks. Not a bough is grazed by the shining new-grown antlers, not a twig cracks beneath the springy tread. Now the brook ripples round the slender fore-feet and the black eye-lashes droop over lazy eyes as he drops his head contentedly. Drink deeply, free prince of the greenwood, how sweet must be the draught ever ready here for you!

BRITISH ENTERPRISE ON THE CONTINENT.

The illustration on this page represents a perspective view of Waring's new premises in Oxford Street, which are now in course of erection, from the designs of Mr. R. F. Atkinson. Considerable delay has been caused through difficulties in connection with the Borough and County Councils, but these difficulties have now been disposed of, and the work will be carried on vigorously and with all the expedition which modern methods have made possible. The façade speaks for itself, but it may be added that the building has been carefully planned to fulfil all the requirements of Waring's great and rapidly expanding business. The active commencement of the building operations happily coincides with the new and important development announced at the recent annual meeting. This has reference to a fresh business fusion, one which promises to be more far-reaching in its

only the firms which are equipped for, and are equal to, dealing with every department at first hand can hope to obtain the big contracts of the future. It is largely owing to the extent and completeness of their resources that Waring's have been able to undertake such large enterprises as the Carlton Hotel at Johannesburg and the Walsingham House Hotel, London, which are now in hand, and involve vast structural work as well as the decorative and furnishing contracts. Within the last week or two they have secured from the Crown Agent for the Colonies the contract for fitting up, under Mr. Aston Webb, the architect, the new Government Museum at Pretoria.

The growth of Waring's business abroad is something of a curiosity in these days, when there is so much talk of the apathy of English manufacturers. Few firms, one

twentieth century; for it is in great measure due to their persistent exemplification of refinement and simplicity and correct style that the country is finding its way out of the gloom of decorative ugliness which has so long prevailed.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to particularise the large number of public contracts which Waring's have carried out in pretty well every department of decoration. They have by sheer force of merit secured the highest class of business—theatres, hotels, liners, clubs, town halls, shop-fronts, restaurants, banks, and offices. It is not unreasonable to conclude that those principles which have proved of such great service to the firm in the past will form the guiding policy of the future. These have been succinctly described by the firm itself as



DESIGN FOR WARING'S NEW PREMISES, NOW BEING ERECTED IN OXFORD STREET.

beneficial effects than any that have preceded it. A controlling interest in the great firm of Hampton and Sons, so well known for its house-agency and decorative business, has been acquired, and this firm will henceforth figure largely in the combination of furnishing-trade interests associated with the name of Waring. Large economies in management will inevitably be effected by this new departure, and it may be confidently expected that the business will still further expand.

It has now obtained a thoroughly comprehensive character, and is fully equipped in every department of the business of letting or building a house, and decorating and furnishing it down to the most minute details. It embraces every kind of constructive work, and undertakes to design, erect, and furnish buildings of any size or kind, from a suburban villa to a palace or a gigantic modern hotel. The comprehensiveness of its range may be inferred from the mere mention of the various departments it undertakes: house and estate agents, architects, builders, electricians, sanitary experts, specialists in heating and ventilation, decorative artists, carpet importers and manufacturers, cabinet-makers, upholsterers, designers of decorative fabrics, dealers in antique furniture and tapestry, manufacturers of mantelpieces, artistic plaster-modellers, glass and china merchants, and art valuers. This is a vast range, but the tendency of the age is towards these great industrial combinations, and

would imagine, can boast of such an extended area of operations, covering, as it practically does, the whole of the Continent. And it must be remembered that Europe is only one field of Waring's activity. Their enterprising arm is stretched out to Algiers, Egypt, South Africa, India, and South America, and their influence may be traced even farther afield. Whatever other manufacturers may be doing, it is evident that Waring's are not letting the grass grow under their feet. Their vigour and grasp of chances is a brilliant and effective rejoinder to those critics who are continually be-rating the want of British enterprise, and wailing over the coming collapse of our commercial supremacy.

It is significant, too, that this development has been pushed forward during a time when British trading enterprise, speaking generally, has lain under the reproach of sleepiness and apathy. Yet in the face of energetic foreign competition abroad, in spite of the economies enforced at home by the crippling effects of a great and costly war, and notwithstanding chilling commercial conditions which have left their cold grip upon many big firms, Waring's have gone rapidly and unflinchingly ahead, and stand to-day in a position second to none in mercantile importance, and superior to all in their unique combination of artistic taste with business enterprise. Their name is permanently associated with that revolution in domestic decoration which is a note of the

"soundness of construction, beauty of design, and moderation of cost."

The history of this firm has often been written. It does not cover many years, but it chronicles a series of great successes. Since 1897 the business has more than doubled, and at the commencement of the present year the orders in hand approximated in value to a million sterling. The expansion of a great industrial firm is one of the most interesting and instructive of economical phenomena. The majority of businesses do not progress beyond a certain point; they obtain an average measure of prosperity, but never leap into the larger arena of bold and successful commercial enterprise. They live their little day and vanish from the scene, and their very names are soon forgotten. It is only one firm in ten thousand which, pushing vigorously ahead in the competitive struggle, wins for itself a foremost place, and is able, by a strenuous continuity of effort, to keep that place. It might be difficult to say exactly what qualities go to the building up of a great commercial business, or to analyse the causes of a phenomenal industrial success. But whatever may be those qualities, they are undoubtedly possessed by the guiding spirits who control the great combination of Waring, Gillow, and Hampton, the evolution of which from a comparatively small provincial concern within a single decade is one of the most remarkable instances of successful commercial development that this or any other country can show.

A TRAVELLING PICTURE-GALLERY.

The accompanying Illustrations show us that nowadays railway companies—at any rate, the North-Eastern—study not only the safety and comfort, but the health of the travelling public. Some of their first-class compartments are being fitted in a style quite new in this country—namely, with cane chairs of a most comfortable description, which, being free of any upholstery (except a dainty cushion on each chair), leave little opportunity for the accumulation of dust, etc. The paneling of these compartments has been carried out to harmonise with the light character of the chairs, and the crowning effect is given by placing in each corner of the railway carriage “panoram” carbon photographs (by Mr. A. H. Robinson, of Troutsdale, near Scarborough) of the resorts to which this company's system gives access. Of these views the picture here given of Aysgarth Falls (in historic Wensleydale) is a specimen. In the third-class compartments these photographs have also been introduced, and the fact that the district is so rich in places at once beautiful, varied, and historically interesting, accounts for the great variety of photographs to be found in the carriages. Of this line it can truly be said that the large district it covers includes resorts of attraction to every section of the tourist community. To prove this, one has only to mention such



CANE CHAIRS IN A FIRST-CLASS COMPARTMENT ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

diversified classes of seaside places as Scarborough (the “Queen of the North”), Whitby, Bridlington, and Filey; inland watering-places of such popularity as Harrogate (with its far-famed medicinal springs), Ilkley, and Gilsland; Northumbria (the land of castles and abbeys); Wensleydale, Swaledale, Teesdale, and Tynedale (including the old Roman Wall), where lovers of nature and history may roam amid sylvan scenes and surroundings, and recall memories of a great and chivalrous past. Indeed, nowhere in this old land of ours is evidence of the mighty deeds of our forefathers more plentiful than in the country lying between the Tweed and the Humber.

From the same series of negatives from which the above photographs have been prepared, a set of forty postcards (made up into ten series of four cards each) have been reproduced. They can be obtained at North-Eastern Railway bookstalls, or from Mr. E. L. Davis, chief passenger agent, North-Eastern Railway, York, price sixpence for four; by post, sevenpence.

It need scarcely be added that the North-Eastern Railway Company (the central link, with its partners, the Great Northern and North British Companies, of the well-known East Coast Route between England and Scotland) do not thus set enticing scenery before their patrons without offering cheap facilities of a most alluring nature to those who contemplate a holiday visit to what has been called the “Playground of England.”



A PANORAMIC PHOTOGRAPH IN THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY'S NEW CARRIAGES: AYSGARTH FALLS, WENSLEYDALE.

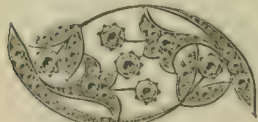
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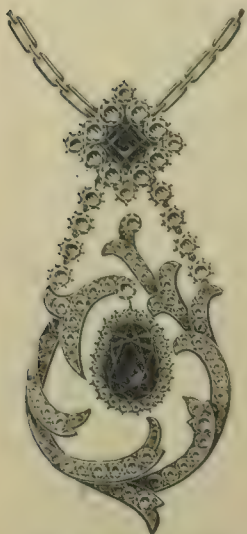
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WARING AND GILLOW, LIMITED.

AN IMPORTANT FURNISHING COMBINATION.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING of the above Company was held at the INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS, on MONDAY, MARCH 30, Mr. S. J. WARING, Junr. presiding.

In moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts for 1902, the Chairman said—

GENTLEMEN,—I have great pleasure in meeting you here to-day, a pleasure particularly due to the fact that we are again in a position to render a good account of our stewardship. You will have gathered from the Report which has been printed and circulated that we have had a successful year, and that the tide of our prosperity is still flowing.

CONTINUED PROSPERITY IN THE FACE OF ADVERSE GENERAL CONDITIONS.

This is especially a matter for congratulation, because the year 1902 was by no means a favourable one for British trade generally. On the contrary, adverse influences were at work which, at all events temporarily, checked industrial development in many quarters. The regrettable illness of the King, which necessitated a sudden postponement of the Coronation festivities, resulted in a certain amount of trade depression, which paralysed much creditable effort, more particularly in those industries associated directly or indirectly with the artistic side of commerce. The great war in South Africa was happily brought to an end at the close of May, but the backwash of that prolonged conflict, which has not yet entirely subsided, was a restricting factor in trade during the latter half of 1902. The cost of the struggle interfered for a time with both public and private enterprise; trading development was generally suspended; and the grip of these adverse economic conditions was felt more or less by all classes of the community. I venture to think that a business which, in spite of such retarding influences, not only held its own, but improved its position, must be regarded as satisfactory. That, I am pleased to say, is what we are able to claim for Waring and Gillow.

THE FINANCIAL RESULTS.

You will see that our net profit exceeded by more than £15,000 that of the previous year. This would have permitted of an increased distribution on the share capital, by far the larger part of which, as you are probably aware, is held by the Directors and their friends; but the Board decided to continue that sounder policy of building up the reserve, which now stands at the sum of £90,000. I think that this policy will meet with your full approval. I would here call your attention to comparative figures, which show in an unmistakable way the reality of our expansion. For the year 1900 our net profits were £77,155; for 1901, £86,201; and for 1902, £101,927; and in the same time the reserve has grown from £50,000 to £90,000. Moreover, we began the current year by bringing forward an unappropriated balance of £11,000. Financially, therefore, our position is one on which you may be congratulated. Among the principal contracts completed during the year I may specially mention the royal apartments at Windsor Castle for their Majesties, royal trains for the London and North-Western and the South-Eastern Railways, the High Commissioner's train, South Africa, the Hyde Park Hotel, Sir Charles Wyndham's new theatre, and the German Emperor's yacht. His Imperial Majesty was graciously pleased to express his complete satisfaction with the work, as being characterised by practicability, refinement, and simplicity of style.

THE SCOPE OF OUR ENTERPRISE.

The constant aim of your Directors, as you well know, has been to give a new direction to those branches of artistic and decorative manufacture in which we are engaged; not only to build up an undertaking which shall be financially successful, but one which, by its application of sound principles to modern needs, and by the fusion of Art with Commerce, shall have a permanent influence upon the decorative movement of the age. So far as we have gone, we may say that we have every reason to be encouraged with the results. "World-wide" is perhaps a somewhat magniloquent phrase, but its employment in connection with our enterprise is, we venture to think, fully justified. We are at the present time engaged in contracts for public or private work in nearly every country in Europe, also in Egypt, Algiers, Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, India, and the Argentine Republic. A highly satisfactory feature is the large and ever-increasing number of Continental orders that come to hand. The effect of our exhibit at the Paris Exhibition of 1900 has been most marked. This effect is gratifying not only from the point of view of the Balance-sheet, but because Continental orders emphatically indicate an appreciation of our designs and of

the sane style and excellent finish of our work, notwithstanding the prevalent extravagant fashion in the so-called *Art Nouveau* style, which we venture to think is, in its unrestrained form, so utterly opposed to the true principles of art that it can only be ephemeral. We started the year with contracts in hand approximating to a million sterling, and the business of 1903, so far as it has gone, is considerably in excess of that for the corresponding period of the previous year. Amongst the big contracts in hand I may refer to that for the Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg—the largest ever placed in South Africa; the Hotel d'Angleterre, Copenhagen; the new hotel for the Midland Railway Company at Manchester; a new Palace at Athens; the Government Museum at Pretoria; and the new Walsingham Hotel, Piccadilly, which it is intended shall be the highest example of hotel equipment, embracing all those improvements that have contributed to the success of the Carlton, to which, as a residential hotel of the first order, it should prove a valuable auxiliary. These orders, gentlemen, testify to the well-maintained prosperity of the business, and afford excellent promise of its continued success in the future.

THE REASON FOR OUR EXPANSION.

We venture to believe that this success is the result of those well-considered and well-defined qualifications—a comprehensive knowledge of the practical and artistic requirements of the age; unequalled resources for economic and artistic manufacture; the loyalty and enthusiasm of our trained and excellent staff; the decentralisation effected by the distribution of numerous branches; and the policy of resolute expansion on sound and prudent lines. We have endeavoured to aim at a lofty ideal. We have tried to keep in view the educational and the sentimental side of the business; for decoration and furnishing may be termed a matter of national importance. The character of the people is largely a reflection of their homes, and any influence which tends to add beauty and refinement to the home must have an elevating effect upon all classes of the community. You will have observed that we are largely engaged in the decoration of hotels, restaurants, and theatres. Although primarily this must be looked at from the commercial point of view, yet it would be affectation to ignore its educational importance. The object-lessons in refinement and simplicity which are afforded by these public enterprises cannot fail to be of benefit, since they provide people with better ideals of taste, which will ultimately be put into practice in their own homes. Believing as we do that British art is destined to carry throughout the world a refining domestic influence, we have endeavoured, and not without some success, to urge forward its claims wherever the opportunity has offered itself. Our consistent aim is to be in the forefront of the movement for a democratic art with the qualities of sound construction, good form, true proportion, and a just harmony of colour, and no more expensive than the commoner and hackneyed forms which are put upon the market by inartistic manufacturers. These principles lie at the foundation of our efforts and of such success as we have attained.

NEW PREMISES AND ENLARGEMENTS.

A development so striking, and a record, if I may say so, so exceptional, have necessitated new and extended premises and trade facilities. We find ourselves continually outgrowing our accommodation. It has been necessary, as a consequence of trade expansion, and in order to cope satisfactorily with future business, to enlarge our Liverpool factories, to acquire premises adjoining those of the Manchester branch for additional show-room space, and to extend the Paris galleries and workshops. By the acquisition at Manchester we have obtained an additional area, enabling us to remodel the whole of the departments of that branch, with the gratifying result that it now occupies the premier position in the city. We have been disappointed at the want of progress with the new Oxford Street premises. These have been delayed by difficulties concerning lights, but even more so by the obstacles with which building enterprise in the West End, even when it promises to add to the beauty of a thoroughfare, is hindered. We shall not, however, be sufferers in the long run. Pending the settlement of these vexatious questions, the prices of building materials have appreciably fallen, and we shall, of course, reap the benefit of this fall. We are now, I am glad to say, engaged on the building operations, and by adopting the newest methods we expect to make rapid progress. Of one thing you may be confident, that our endeavour will be to produce a building perfectly planned for the needs of our great and growing business, and which will be an architectural adornment of what is without doubt the greatest artery, and destined to be the finest street, of the world's metropolis.

Pending the erection of this building, we have been compelled to relieve the pressure on our existing space at Oxford Street by transferring the antique department to the premises formerly occupied by Collinson and Lock. This has had two distinct benefits. It has relieved a congestion which was seriously interfering with our executive; and it has brought the unequalled antique collection, with its many rare and beautiful examples of furniture and tapestry, into special prominence which has had the most satisfactory commercial results.

I now come to what you will perhaps consider a special feature in the Report. I refer to the announcement that we have acquired a controlling interest in the firm of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Limited. This is an age of combinations. It seems fairly reasonable to believe that the future will see this principle even more generally carried out than it is now; and for these reasons—it consolidates effort, centralises administration, while decentralising responsibility, economises working, and restricts useless competition. We have in the past benefited by successful amalgamations. We have acquired the two-century-old and historic firm of Gillow's, with its unequalled reputation for sound and artistic construction, also Collinson and Lock, and other firms; and the policy expressed in these acquisitions has found its complete justification in the fact I mentioned last year—namely, that the Oxford Street returns were even then more than double what they were when these fusions took place in 1897. Well, gentlemen, we are continuing the same policy to-day. The firm of Hampton's is well and honourably known. It has a large and influential *clientèle* in the British Islands, and it is in the fullest sense a live, active, and progressive concern, and we have been fortunate in retaining the responsible heads of the business. We believe that we are making a remunerative investment, and one that will improve, because we shall be able to effect administrative economies by giving to Hampton's the benefit of our great manufacturing facilities at the Hammersmith Works, at Lancaster, and at Liverpool. It is an interesting fact that in the case of one of the firms we have already acquired, a saving of £12,000 a year has been effected by more economical administration. I do not think I need say anything more about the advantages, which must be evident, of such a union of interests as those of Waring and Gillow and Hampton's.

NEW CAPITAL REQUIREMENTS.

It must be obvious that the purchase of the ordinary shares in Hampton's, and the rapid expansion of our own business, necessitate additional capital. It is not unreasonable to assume that a business which is already expanding will, with the additional facilities which further working capital will give, continue to augment both its volume and its profitability. The prospectus embodying our proposals will be before you in a few days. It will be found that these proposals include the redemption of the existing First Mortgage Debentures, and their place will be taken by the present "B" Debentures, which will thus become part of a general issue of Irredeemable Mortgage Debenture Stock, carrying a first charge, the interest on which is covered four times over by last year's profits. There will also be an issue of Seven per Cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares, and from the figures given it will be seen that the past year's earnings show a surplus of nearly £30,000 per annum beyond the amount required to pay the dividend on this new capital and after providing for debenture interest and preference dividend. I have previously referred to the large contracts with which we are commencing this year's business; the return from these should further strengthen the figures I have just mentioned, and it is satisfactory to add that, in addition to this, the general returns so far this year show a substantial increase over the corresponding period of last year. I am, therefore, sure that, both on the score of broad commercial policy and on that of prospective financial results, this new amalgamation will at once commend itself to your judgment. I said last year that we considered this business only in its infancy. It is a robust infancy, we will admit, but there is the age of maturity and of adult vigour yet to come: and if we adhere, as we mean to do, to the principles by which we have hitherto been guided, and continue to extend the area of our operations, we may hope to find in the maturity of this company an achieved distinction at least worthy of its energetic and promising youth and of the best traditions of the business.

The Report and Accounts were adopted, and a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum on the Preferred Ordinary Shares was approved. Mr. J. W. Waring and Mr. Sidney Marler, the retiring Directors, were re-elected, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

LADIES' PAGES.

Everyone who attended the March Courts said they were much more enjoyable than the Drawing-Rooms they had superseded. There was never a moment of crushing or discomfort, always plenty of space, and room for all to sit down. Rows of seats were placed along the wall at one side of the Throne Room, and there the ladies were able to enjoy the brilliant scene before their turn came to pass before the King. Two deep curtsies had to be made to their Majesties, who were seated on the dais; there was no kissing of hands, and no occasion for the number of bows to the royal family which were so bewildering in old times. The crab-like exit is avoided by the modern system of arrangements, a lady being now allowed to walk straight out with her train floating behind her, and an inward murmur of "For this relief, much thanks." Those who arrive in good time are able to witness the entry of the King and Queen into the Throne Room, a most imposing spectacle, as may be imagined. First come the Guards, then a number of Court officers, all walking backwards, and, finally, their Majesties, who pass to the dais and take their seats. The supper afterwards is a welcome innovation, and there is no longer the lengthy wait for carriages which used to make going to Court so particularly fatiguing.

Seldom has a bride looked more charming than did Lady Sybil Primrose on her wedding day. Her white satin dress was covered with priceless old English point lace which has long been an heirloom in her family. The bodice was a mass of chiffon set in ruches, with bands of cloth-of-silver at throat and sleeve. The full white satin Court train was veiled in tulle covered with silver sequins, while clusters of primroses mixed with sprays of orange-blossom were placed here and there about the dress. A wreath of real orange-blossom was worn in the hair, and was most becoming to the pretty face of the bride. A bouquet of pure white azaleas gave the finishing touch to the toilette. The flowers were grown in the conservatories of The Durdans, and the nosegay was placed in Lady Sybil's hand before she left the house for the church by the old family gardener, doubtless very proud of his office. The modiste who designed the bridesmaids' dresses must have had a difficult task, since Lord Rosebery's racing colours were selected, and primrose and pink, though charming on a horse, are not often to be met with in combination in a lady's gown. The difficulty was most cleverly got over by a lavish employment of lace, which softened the primrose colour wherever it appeared. The bodices and paniers were of pink silk, the vests and skirts of primrose satin, veiled with cream-coloured lace. Early Victorian fichus of the pink silk made a charming addition to the toilettes, and the large hats in white point d'esprit were trimmed with primroses and little pink "button" roses. Baskets of roses tied with primrose satin ribbon further carried out the




A PALE BLUE VOILE WITH ÉCRU LACE.

idea of the colours, and each bridesmaid wore a primrose pendant set with diamonds on a slender platinum chain. The King and Queen presented the bride with a beautiful turquoise and diamond bracelet, while from the Prince and Princess of Wales came a double horseshoe brooch set with a row of diamonds and another of sapphires side by side. Lord Rosebery gave his daughter a quantity of exquisite jewellery, among the most magnificent articles being a diamond tiara, a necklace of the same precious stones of large size and pure water, and a bracelet set with a big yellow diamond surrounded by sapphires.

The season is expected to be a brilliant one, for the King and Queen are doing everything in their power to make it so. His Majesty dines out constantly, and there is scarcely a night but one of the theatres receives a visit from some of the royalties. Very large dinner-parties will be given after Easter, and the fashion (first set by the Marchioness of Londonderry) of having the meal served at several different tables is being very much followed at present. A larger number of people can be invited by this manoeuvre, and guests who would be likely to clash can be seated at different tables. Forty people can easily be entertained at four tables, and the after-dinner talk permits more novel combinations. There is a good deal of scope for the florist when this plan is adopted either for a dinner-party or a ball-supper. A different coloured flower should be employed for the decoration of each buffet, several varieties of shades in, say, roses or malmaisons, or a different kind of blossom altogether. Beautiful effects can be obtained by the use of white and purple lilac on alternate tables, with pale-pink roses on the centre one; and daffodils and marguerites are also greatly liked, simple as they are, perhaps because they are so suggestive of spring. A beautiful arrangement at a dinner-party given recently in a ducal house consisted of a different kind of orchid on each little table—white, mauve, yellow, and brown, with scarlet anthurium for the centre of each. They were exquisite specimens, and all came from the conservatories of the host, who is a great orchid collector, and they served as a stimulus to conversation among the guests who were learned on the subject of flowers. A floral bridge makes a good decoration, as there is nothing to impede the sight of one's opposite neighbours. A gondola or a racing-boat presents decided advantages from the same point of view. The boat can be made of cornflowers or forget-me-nots in accordance with the sympathy felt with one or the other of the University crews.

The new pelerine jacket, which hovers half-way between coat and cape, is a welcome novelty for the present moment. The effect of this little garment is enchanting, though it may be principally its originality that pleases. Is it a jacket or is it a cape? It is difficult to know what to call it. It is a jacket inasmuch as it boasts a sleeve, and is made with box-pleats at

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SMITHS

The Times Competition

THIS novel Competition is designed to afford recreation as well as instruction. Young and old, men and women, can compete on equal terms. The first award will be a Scholarship of **£1200** (£300 per annum for four years), tenable at Oxford or Cambridge (if a woman, at Girton), or a payment of **£1000 IN MONEY**. There are 93 awards, amounting in the aggregate to **£3585**.

There is no Entrance Fee. No award will be divided, as there can be no ties.

"The Times" has announced a Competition which is open to all, and will afford recreation as well as instruction to every reader. To many, the awards offered may not be great inducements, but there are other advantages which will appeal to all intelligent people. Those who love good books and can spare an hour or two on two or three evenings a week will find that the Competition gives a new zest to the best reading. The concentrated attention which the Competitor must devote to it will bring real recreation in the sense that it will effectually divert the mind from business or other affairs, while it acts as a stimulus to mental activity.

There is no entrance-fee. Anyone who desires to take part in the Competition can easily arrange so to do, and it is hoped that this invitation to what may be called a **Tournament for Readers** will be accepted by those who really enjoy solving a question which calls for a little research. From the List of Awards printed on this page it will be seen that the most successful Competitor will receive, at his or her option, either—

A Scholarship amounting to £1200 (£300 a year), covering all the expenses of a four years' course at Oxford or Cambridge (at Girton if the first be a woman), or

£1000 in money, payable as soon as the answers have been examined and the awards made.

Ninety-two other awards, bringing the aggregate to £3585, will go to ninety-two other competitors who send in the best sets of answers irrespective of their absolute merit, for there is no minimum qualification. None of the awards will, under any circumstances, be divided, for the questions have been so arranged that no two sets of answers can be of precisely equal excellence.

Three question papers have been prepared (to be sent Gratis and Post Free to all who enter the Competition), each containing Twenty Questions to be answered in writing by the Competitors at their own homes, and practically at their leisure, since a month's time will be allowed for completing each set of answers.

FIVE REASONS FOR ENTERING THE COMPETITION.

Every Competitor will acquire—

Closer Concentration of Mind.
Practice in Ready Reasoning.
Quickness in Finding Facts.
A New Form of Recreation.
An Invaluable Fund of General Information.

to one form of mental activity—the searching for what may be described as convertible information, knowledge that is gathered for instant use. At school a pupil is told that all he learns will be of use to him later in life; after he has left school he is told that if he spends his spare time in reading instructive books, the information he thus acquires will also be of practical use. But neither in the one case nor the other

The questions deal with subjects in which all intelligent people are interested. No great technical or classical knowledge is called for. Anyone who doubts whether he possesses the degree of education, the measure of learning, necessary for the Competition may assume that he is amply qualified if he appreciates the best that a newspaper gives. The mistakes made in preparing answers will, no doubt, be due rather to over-confidence than to want of learning. The awards will go, not necessarily to the cleverest competitors, but to those who enter the contest with the determination to make sure of their answers step by step, without attempting to guess or to jump at conclusions.

"The Times," in arranging the Competition, has attached special value to one form of mental activity—the searching for what may be described as convertible information, knowledge that is gathered for instant use. At school a pupil is told that all he learns will be of use to him later in life; after he has left school he is told that if he spends his spare time in reading instructive books, the information he thus acquires will also be of practical use. But neither in the one case nor the other

is he offered any plain proof that this new acquisition has an immediate value—that it is a completed tool with edge and point for instant use.

"The Times" Competition will test and develop the Competitor's power to acquire information which he can at once turn to practical account. The Competition is in no sense a test of the amount or quality of the learning which the Competitor possessed before he undertook the Competition. It is designed exclusively to measure and develop his readiness in gaining fresh knowledge.

Every Competitor will gain increased power of mental concentration; will receive an admirable mental exercise in following a train of reasoning; will learn exactly where to look for particular facts; will find a new form of recreation; and will gain a fund of general information.

Underlying each of these five statements there is the same idea that the Competition will make one think. As a matter of fact, very few people think about any one subject for ten consecutive minutes in the course of a day. Many a reader lays down one book when he has finished it and at once picks up another. He makes as great a mistake as if he began to eat his dinner as soon as he had finished his luncheon, for a book can be of no use to him unless he digests it by thinking about it.

Every question in "The Times" Competition will make the Competitor use his mind. If he reads for only ten minutes, searching for the information to be employed in his answer, he will spend another ten minutes in concentrated thought before he arrives at a conclusion.

Anyone who sends to "The Times" the Inquiry Form printed at the end of this advertisement will receive full particulars of the Competition, with some specimen questions which will show more clearly than can any description the purpose and nature of the Competition. No one need be deterred from entering the Competition by the fact that he does not enjoy convenient access to a large collection of miscellaneous books—a standard work of reference so widely distributed that everyone can easily use it, the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will yield all the information required for the answers—nor is it necessary that the Competitor should own even that one book.

The Competition is within the reach of all, the information needed is accessible to all, and every Competitor will be the better for the mental discipline involved in answering the questions.

The Awards

THE FIRST Competitor in order of merit will be granted **A Scholarship of £1200**, being £300 per annum for four years, at either Oxford or Cambridge (if the first be a woman, at Girton), with the alternative of commuting the Scholarship for

£1000 in money.

THE SECOND will be granted **A Scholarship of £270**, being £90 per annum for three years at any University, or a commutation of

£225 in money.

THE THIRD will be granted **A Scholarship of £150**, being £50 per annum for three years, tenable at any educational institution, or a commutation of

£125 in money.

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH will each be granted **A Scholarship of £90**, being £30 per annum for three years, tenable at any educational institution, or a commutation of

£75 in money.

THE SIXTH, SEVENTH, AND EIGHTH will each be granted **A Scholarship of £75**, being £25 per annum for three years, tenable at any educational institution, or a commutation of

£60 in money.

THE NINTH, TENTH, ELEVENTH, TWELFTH, AND THIRTEENTH will each be granted **A Scholarship of £60**, being £30 per annum for two years, tenable at any educational institution, or a commutation of

£50 in money.

THE TEN NEXT in order of merit will each be granted **A Scholarship of £30** for one year, tenable at any educational institution, or a commutation of

£25 in money.

THE TWENTY NEXT in order of merit will each be granted **A Scholarship of £18** for one year, tenable at any educational institution, or a commutation of

£15 in money.

THE FIFTY NEXT in order of merit will each be granted **A Scholarship of £12** for one year, tenable at any educational institution, or a commutation of

£10 in money.

Specimen Questions

In this limited space it is obviously impossible to describe in full the purpose and scope of the Competition. Specimen questions, with explanations showing how the answers are obtained, and also full particulars of the regulations will be sent to anyone who uses this Inquiry Form.

IT IS USELESS TO CALL

INQUIRY FORM

Inquiry Form should be addressed
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PUBLICATION DEPT.,
125, High Holborn
London, W.C.

THE MANAGER, "The Times" Publication Dept.
Please send me full particulars of "The Times" Competition.

NAME
ADDRESS
RANK or OCCUPATION

"The Times" will send post free Specimen Questions and full particulars of the Competition to everyone who uses the Inquiry Form opposite, no matter how many thousand persons inquire; but in order that "The Times" Office may not be blocked and the ordinary business obstructed, neither anyone who calls in person. Anyone who does not wish to cut this copy of *The Illustrated London News* may copy upon a postcard the words of the Inquiry Form, and address the postcard to "The Times" Publication Dept., 125, High Holborn, London, W.C.

the back, yet its collar is so very deep as to suggest a cape. It falls gracefully over the shoulders, and there must be no frills or fluffiness round the throat. The flat pelerine and stole reign supreme in the world of fashion; the boa and the ruffle belong to a day which is dead. One of the prettiest types of the cape-coat has the box-pleats terminating in handkerchief-points, while a statelier style is endowed with a basque and a waist-band, with long hanging ends in front. Some of these garments are made in white or biscuit-coloured cloth, but where they really shine is when they match the dress. They should be made in some soft material such as cashmere or canvas, and they look particularly charming in dainty art tones—pale blue, blue-grey, etc. A narrow line of trimming should follow the twists and turns of the edges of this capricious garment—something quite simple, for very neat trimmings are *de rigueur*. There are some charming fancy gimps to be obtained very suitable for the purpose. They are about half an inch wide, and are frequently dotted with a little ornamental flower embroidered in light colours on a dark background.

Petticoats are more elaborate than ever, and green seems to be a favourite colour for these garments. A most charming jupon was in apple-green glacé silk, trimmed by rows of black Chantilly lace above a flounce cut in handkerchief-points and ornamented by vandykes of the lace. Two smaller pleatings covered with black point d'esprit were placed underneath this flounce, which was headed by a row of black lace roses appliqué. Another underskirt was made in white broché satin striped with narrow lines of green, with a pattern of pale-green shamrocks lightly thrown over the surface. It was edged with many tiny frills nearly covered with lace, which was white and coffee-coloured alternately. The lace used on underskirts is nearly always in the form of insertion, so that it can be mounted on a foundation of silk, which makes it more reliable as a trimming than if it was sewn to the edge. Linon-de-soie is being largely used for underlinen, and looks charming in dainty colours pale blue, pink, lavender, etc. The neckband of the nightdress is practically extinct, the top of the garment being cut down in a tiny square or point. One very dainty model, formed of the finest of white nainsook, had the material laid in small tucks on the bust to a depth of about nine inches. On either side, passing over the shoulders, were frills edged with lace. The neck was cut into a tiny V-shaped point corresponding with the band of embroidery at the bottom of the yoke, through which pale-blue ribbon was run. The fastening was under the frill at the left side. Camisoles for evening wear are made absolutely sleeveless, and united on the shoulder by a satin bow. Coffee-jackets are becoming more and more ornamental, and it is wonderful to see how much lace and embroidery can be crowded upon such a very small space. Breton net is a very usual



A PRETTY SPRING GOWN IN SILVER GREY.

foundation for these garments, but is often almost entirely hidden by lavish trimming.

Tassels are a great feature on many of the latest models; in fact, a dress looks nothing without them. They form a most pretty finish to a bodice, and are sometimes effectively arranged at the end of ribbon run in and out of box-pleats of the material. Fringes are also very popular, and many of the dresses at the recent Court seemed to be simply a mass of pendent jet or silver. Silk fringes are much worn on day-gowns. A charming costume just arrived from Paris shows very well how this mode of trimming would be employed to the utmost advantage. It was in black mousseline-de-soie. The skirt, which was gauged on the hips to a depth of about nine inches, was composed entirely of flounces each about a foot long, every one being edged with a narrow band of black fringe. The sleeves were very full, and were set in below the turn of the shoulder. Over them fell a capeline edged with fringe much wider than that on the skirt, finished on either side of the bust with a rosette of chiffon. At the back it sloped down and formed a point at the waist-line. The transparent collar and pouched front were of fine white lace. The hat was a white straw trimmed with tulle, a touch of colour being given by small sprays of banksia roses of that rather *voyant* magenta that is appearing on many of the new spring models. It was finished by a black Paradise plume curving gracefully over the left side.

Two charming examples of spring costumes are provided for us by our Artist this week. One is carried out in pale-blue voile with diamond-shaped insertions of écarle lace; the other is in silver-grey face-cloth, trimmed with silk strappings and finished off with one of the short pleated jackets which are so fashionable at present. A grey crinoline hat trimmed with pink roses gives a pretty touch of colour to the toilette.

A great deal of jewellery is worn at present, both by day and by night, and some of it is rather ugly and not in the best of taste. No one who is wearing the productions of the Parisian Diamond Company, however, need have the slightest apprehension on this score, for the company are noted for the unimpeachable taste of all their designs. It may be said without hesitation that nothing inartistic ever finds a place in any of their establishments. A Louis XV. buckle, which is one of their latest productions, is a truly exquisite piece of work. Among other charming objects side-combs and pendants are to be obtained; some delightful examples of the former in tortoiseshell and diamonds forming an enchanting present for a girl, while the true-lovers' pendant is pretty enough to be offered to a fiancée. A woman would indeed be impossible to please who could not find something to her taste in any one of the establishments of this most artistic firm.

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EASTER RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain information or procure tickets beforehand, thereby avoiding delay and trouble at Waterloo and other of their London stations, the London and South-Western Railway Company will keep open their City, West-End, and other offices later than usual on April 8, 9, and 11. Excursion tickets to Paris, via Southampton and Havre, available for fourteen days or less, will be issued from London (Waterloo), etc., on April 8, 9, 10, and 11. Return fares, first class, 39s. 3d.; second class, 30s. 3d.; third class, 26s. Cheap tickets will be issued to Havre on April 9, 10, and 11; Cherbourg on April 9 and 11; and to St. Malo on April 10. Return fare (third class by rail and second class by steamer), London to St. Malo and Havre, 24s. 6d.; Cherbourg, 22s. Special cheap express excursions will leave London (Waterloo) and certain suburban stations. Programmes giving full particulars of arrangements for the Easter holidays can be obtained at any of the company's London offices and stations, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that by their Royal Mail route *via* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe will be run from London by the special express day service on Thursday morning, April 9, and by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, April 8, 9, 10, and 11. To ensure punctuality two or more trains and steamers will be run each day as required by the traffic.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays, the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland Royal British Mail route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through carriages run to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Restaurant-cars also run on the North and South German express trains to and from the Hook of Holland. Special cheap tickets have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route for passengers wishing to visit Brussels for the Field of Waterloo. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers will leave Harwich on April 9 and 11, returning April 12 and 15.

By the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway special excursion tickets will be issued to Paris, *via* Folkestone

and Boulogne, by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on April 8, 10, and 11, and by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services on Thursday, April 9. They will also be issued by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m. each evening from April 8 to 11 inclusive, *via* Dover and Calais. A special express train (first, second, and third class) will leave Victoria for Dover Pier at 8.50 p.m., calling at Herne Hill on April 9 in connection with the Calais and Ostend night steamers. Full particulars of the excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

The London and North-Western Company announce that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, April 6, to Easter Monday, April 13, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving-offices of the company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made, in connection with the London and North-Western passenger-trains for the Easter holidays. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, Good Friday (where train-service permits), and Saturday, April 9, 10, and 11, to Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Carlisle, Lancaster, Llandudno, Malvern, Morecambe, Rhyl, Stratford-on-Avon, Windermere, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places, available for the return journey on any day, except the day of issue, up to and including Tuesday, April 14.

The Great Western Railway Company issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding Easter. Tickets can also be obtained at Clapham Junction, Battersea, Chelsea, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, Acton, Ealing, and other suburban stations. Pamphlets containing full particulars of the Easter excursions, riverside bookings, and week-end arrangements will be forwarded by the company's divisional officers, station-masters, or town office agents on receipt of a postcard stating the information required. On the days immediately preceding Good Friday many of the long-distance trains will be duplicated, but on Easter Monday several of the up and down expresses will not run, and there will be other minor alterations in the services.

Cheap excursion trains from St. Pancras will run by the Midland Railway on April 9, to Leicester,

Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Burton, Derby, Manchester, Blackburn, Bolton, Rochdale, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Scarborough, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Barrow and the Furness and Lake District, Carlisle, etc., returning the following Monday, Tuesday, or Friday; and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Forres, Ballater, etc., returning Monday, April 13, or Friday, April 17. Tickets will also be issued by the Scotch excursion at slightly more than the single ordinary third-class fare for the double journey, available for returning on any day within sixteen days from and including date of issue.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that cheap excursions will be run from London on Thursday, April 9, for five, nine, or sixteen days to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Balloch, Row, Stirling, Dunblane, Bridge of Allan, Callander, Crieff, Perth, Dunkeld, Dundee, Dalmally, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Mallaig, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland. For the convenience of those employed in the wholesale City warehouses and others, a special express excursion for five or nine days will leave King's Cross at 6.30 p.m. on Thursday, April 9, for Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen, returning on Monday, April 13, or Friday, April 17. Early application should be made for tickets.

The Great Central Railway Company announce that their short and long date week-end tickets usually issued every Friday and Saturday, and advertised in the "A.B.C." Programme for February, March, and April, will be issued in connection with the Easter holidays on Thursday, April 9, Friday, April 10 (where train-service permits), and Saturday, April 11. The short-date tickets will be available for return any day (if train-service permits) up to and including following Tuesday, except day of issue. The long-date tickets will be available to return on the Sunday following (if train-service permits), or any succeeding day up to and including the following Monday week.

We have received from the proprietors of Bovril, Limited, a framed artist's proof of Mr. William Hatherell's picture, entitled "Lord Kitchener's Homecoming." The picture, which is a companion to "The Relief of Ladysmith," is produced solely for the customers of Bovril, Limited.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1901) of Mr. William Holcroft, J.P., of Prescot House, Stourbridge, who died on Jan. 29, was proved on March 21 by George Harry Holcroft and Walter Holcroft, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £277,215. The testator bequeaths to his son Alfred the use for life of Drayton House, Belbroughton, and a sum of £40,000 is to be held, in trust, for him and his children; to William Henry Pargeter, Everard Barton, and Joseph Southall, £100 each; to J. E. Brown, £250; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons George Harry, Walter, and Alexander.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1891), with three codicils (dated Aug. 30, 1894, Nov. 2, 1901, and Oct. 27, 1902), of Mr. George Oliver Mellick Herron, of 14, De Vere Gardens, South Kensington, 25, St. Thomas Street, London Bridge, and Newdigate Place, Newdigate, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on March 25 by Mrs. Ellen Charlotte Herron, the widow, George Frederick Herron, and Walter Fitzroy Herron, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £158,813. The testator bequeaths the household furniture, horses and carriages to his wife; £4000 to his sister Julia Harriet Whitby; and £2000 to his sister Charlotte Emily Palmer. His residuary estate is to be divided into two parts, one of which he gives to his wife, and the other between his children George Frederick, Walter Fitzroy, Herbert George, Florence Alice, Lillian and Kenneth, and the widow of his deceased son Robert Douglas.

The will (dated Sept. 26, 1898) of Mr. Robert Smith Bartleet, J.P., D.L., of The Shrubbery, Redditch, who

died on Dec. 14, was proved on March 19 by Harold Stock Bartleet, the son, and Bernard Stock, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £66,713. The testator gives £5500 to his daughter Edith Crowley; £5000 to his daughter Constance Elizabeth Evans; £6000 to his daughter Victoria Mole; £1100 and certain land and premises to his son Harold Stock; £1000 and a mortgage for £1180 to his son Edgar Robert Smith; £5000, in trust, for his son Albert; £3500 to his son Ernest William; and £500 and the household effects to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Bartleet, who is already provided for. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons Harold Stock and Edgar Robert Smith.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1903) of Alderman John Love Seaton, J.P., of Frogner, Pearson's Park, Hull, who died on Feb. 13, was proved on March 24 by Robert Cooper Seaton, the son, Richard Hill Dawe, and Thomas Ryder Runton, the executors, the value of the estate being £51,713. The testator gives the house next to his residence to his daughter Mrs. Frances Catherine Dahl for life, and then to her son John Love Seaton Dahl; £3200 to his son; £3000 to his daughter; £400 to Richard Hill Dawe; £200 to Thomas R. Runton; £200 each to Rose Seaton, Thomas Seaton, and Emily B. Tribe; and £100 each to Amelia Ann Smith, James Young, Mrs. Sarah Saxelbye, and Mrs. Mary Ann Saxelbye. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety to his son, and the other moiety, in trust, for his daughter, for life, and then for her son.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1876) of Mr. Miltiades Luke Ziffo, of 85, Palmerston House, Old Broad Street, and

formerly of 40, Leinster Gardens, Bayswater, who died on May 21 last, was proved on March 24 by George Luke Ziffo, the brother, the value of the estate being £31,609. The testator leaves all his property to his said brother.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1896), with a codicil (dated Jan. 7, 1903), of Mr. William Russell Cooke, of 87, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, and 11, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, legal adviser to Princess Henry of Battenberg, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on March 11 by Mrs. Margaret Mary Cooke, the widow, John Temple Ashwell Cooke, the brother, and Herbert Robert Clark, the value of the estate amounting to £28,661. The testator gives all his interest under the wills of his father and grandfather to his sister Mary Gertrude, for life, and then for his children; his leasehold house, with the furniture, etc., to his wife; £250 each to J. T. A. Cooke and H. R. Clark; and three fourths of his business to his brother Henry Paget Cooke, and one fourth to Herbert Robert Clark. His residuary estate is to be held in trust for his wife for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated May 4, 1895) of Captain the Hon. Robert Rainy Best, late Grenadier Guards, of The Rowdens, Torquay, who died on Feb. 2, was proved on March 17 by the Rev. Francis Walter Thoyts, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £21,712. The testator gives £300 and the household furniture to his wife, the Hon. Meynella Katherine Hilda Best, and subject thereto leaves all his property in trust for her for life, and then for his children, and in default of issue for the person for the time being Lord Wynford.



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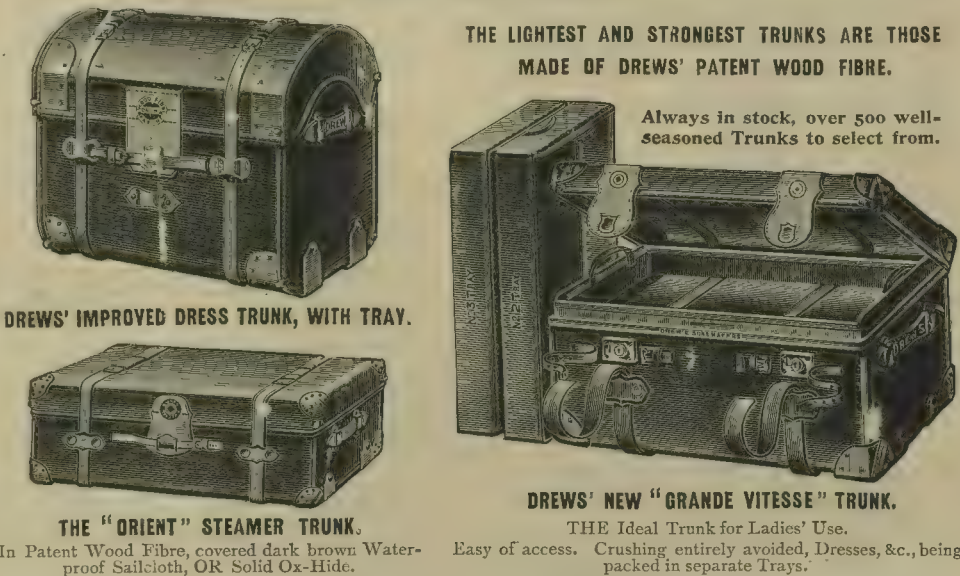
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Ellicott, the venerable Bishop of Gloucester, completed last week his fortieth year of episcopal service, and a congratulatory address has been presented to him from the clergy and Church officials of the diocese. The signatories number nearly one thousand.

The influential committee who undertook the work of raising a memorial to the late Father Dolling have gathered a sum of nearly £4000, and will shortly establish a convalescent home for working girls at Worthing, which will be under the charge of the Misses Dolling. Amongst the most generous contributors were Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who gave £500, and Mr. Dyer Edwards, who gave £400. Friends from all parts of the country have joined in this tribute to "a man greatly beloved." The Rev. C. E. Osborne, Vicar of Seghill, hopes to publish his Life of Father Dolling through Mr. Edward Arnold early in May.

The Bishop of Ely has written an interesting circular letter on the subject of poor benefices. He mentions that his own diocese contains in all about 564 parishes. Of these livings 263 are below £200 a year in value and 68 below £100. The Bishop believes that the reason why fewer men now seek to be ordained is simply that clergymen are so badly paid and that parents do not encourage their sons to enter on the career. Unless some remedy is found we shall in a

few years, says the Bishop, see parishes without incumbents.

The late Dean Farrar spent much time and thought on the improvement of the musical service at Canterbury Cathedral. Unlike Dean Bradley, who, as Dr. Armitage Robinson lately informed us, was not himself musical, and left the order of the music at Westminster Abbey to experts, Dean Farrar had a cultivated knowledge of this part of the Cathedral worship. Until within a few months of his death he was regularly present at matins and evensong, and when scarcely able to walk across the pavement of the choir from his stall to the lectern, he made an effort to read at least one of the Lessons daily.

The funeral of Dean Farrar took place in the Cloister-ground, not far from the grave of Archbishop Temple. One of the most striking tributes to his memory was that of Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi, who recalled the eloquence with which Dr. Farrar had pleaded for the poor persecuted Jews of Russia. He was always ready to lift up his powerful voice for the cause of justice, and would be remembered not only as an eminent ecclesiastic, but as a man filled with the enthusiasm of humanity.

The Rev. E. Grose Hodge, Rector of Holy Trinity, Marylebone, has the largest Sunday attendance in the entire district. He is an Evangelical clergyman and

an able preacher and organiser. The next highest attendance is at St. Peter's, Vere Street, where Canon Page Roberts preaches every Sunday to a crowded congregation. The Parish Church, under Canon Barker, and All Souls', Langham Place, under the Rev. F. S. Webster, are also flourishing.

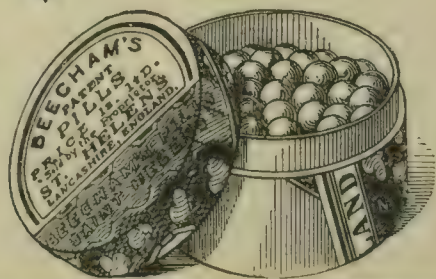
The large and well-behaved crowds which attend St. Paul's during Lent are in themselves a tribute to the excellent management which now prevails at the Cathedral. In old days the public used the nave of St. Paul's as a thoroughfare, and merchants disposed of their goods inside the building. Even within living memory persons made use of the Cathedral during the luncheon-hour as a rendezvous where they ate their food and conversed with their friends. The vergers have now explicit orders to stop such practices. The reading of newspapers is strictly forbidden, and even if two persons are seen conversing they are reminded that the place is a house of prayer. The very poor still haunt the nave of St. Paul's, but they come for rest and quiet, and it is very seldom that any member of this class incurs the reproof of the vergers.

Canon Ainger has returned from Clifton, where he has been in residence for three months, and expects to be in town till the beginning of August. Amongst American visitors no London preacher is more sought after than the Master of the Temple.

A Pointed Talk.

"Prevention is better than cure," we are told. Next time you feel "out of sorts," just take **BEECHAM'S PILLS** and so prevent a seemingly small ailment growing into serious trouble. **BEECHAM'S PILLS** prevent illness as well as cure it. Most people take them to keep themselves in good health. These are wise and happy ones—they hardly ever know what bad health is. There is no medicine in the world to compare with **BEECHAM'S PILLS**. They will not harm the most delicate—and the strongest will benefit by using them. They are a tried remedy—the trusted friend of thousands of families all over the world. You will soon feel better after taking them, and you will know what to resort to in future. REMEMBER, "Prevention is better than cure," so always have a box of **BEECHAM'S PILLS** handy and TAKE A DOSE when you feel YOU NEED ONE.

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MUSIC.

Herr Sauer gave his only recital this season at the St. James's Hall on Saturday, March 28. He is a pianist of great intellectual power, but possibly of greater technical power. He is full of force, and interprets the masters in a masterly fashion, but he lacks occasionally the higher sympathy. In Chopin he is at his very best, and this was especially marked on Saturday in the Polonaise Fantaisie, the Valse in A flat, and the Nocturne Op. 27, No. 2. As a *tour de force* Herr Sauer's rendering of Liszt's "Mazeppa" was much to be commended. He included in his recital the great Sonata of Beethoven in C minor, Op. 111, played with intellectual grasp and technical

mastery of its difficulties. It left nothing to be wished for, but it might conceivably have received more sympathetic treatment.

An interesting young pianist, Mr. Arthur Newstead, gave a concert at the St. James's Hall on Thursday, March 26. He is a pupil of Mr. Oscar Beringer, and shows great promise. His programme was too long and fatiguing for him, but he acquitted himself admirably in the Sonata in B minor of Liszt and the delightful "Carnival" music of Schumann. He has an emotional style of playing that, kept within due bounds, is most refreshing after the musical-box school.

On Monday, March 23, Herr Wilhelm Backhaus gave an excellent concert at the St. James's Hall, and began

his programme with two of the preludes and fugues of Bach's celebrated collection of forty-eight. He also played the very difficult Rhapsodie in G minor of Brahms, the Impromptu in A flat of Schubert, and the graceful "Walzer," Op. 16, No. 1, of D'Albert. Herr Paul Grümmer was the violoncello soloist, and Miss Lilian Foulis interpreted artistically the "Romantisches Stück" of Dvorák.

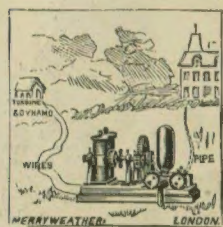
The Birmingham Musical Festival will be very much appreciated this year, for it has secured the production of Dr. Elgar's new oratorio, "The Apostles." Dr. Elgar is reported to have studied the Apostles from their human side—as men, and not as theological figures. M. I. H.

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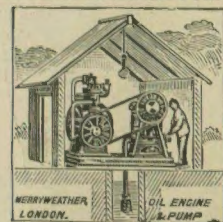
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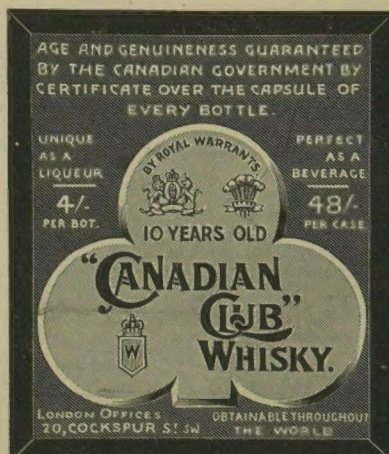
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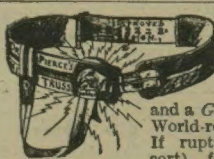
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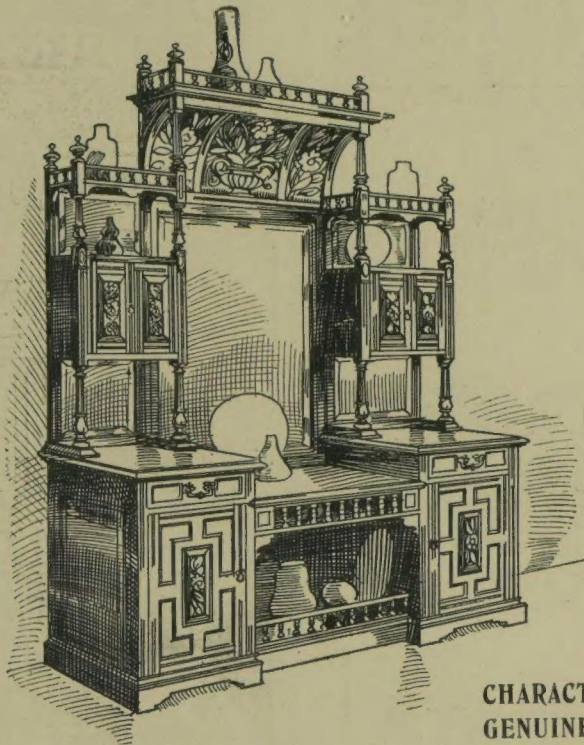
The Furnishing Event
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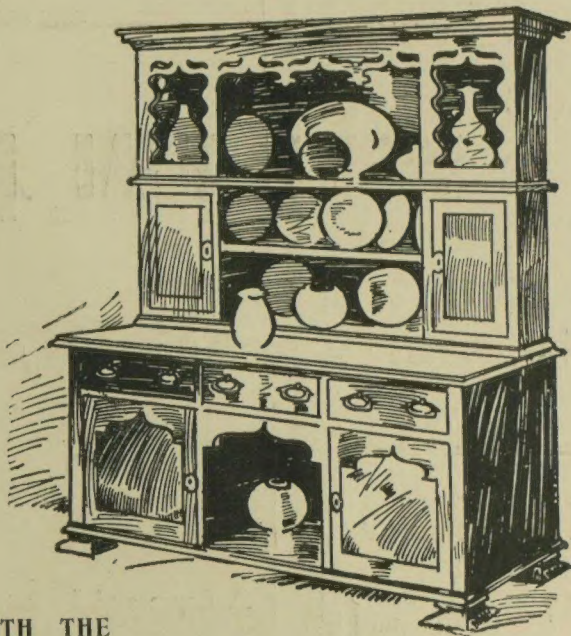
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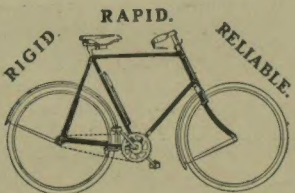
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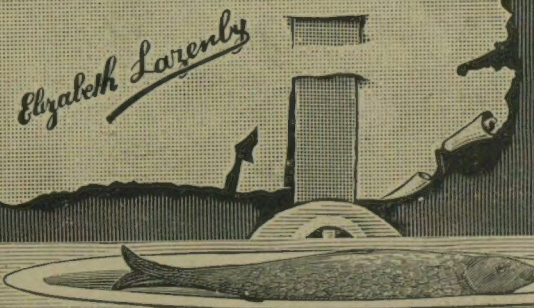
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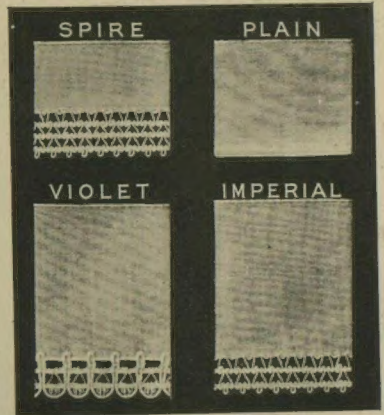


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